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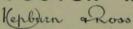


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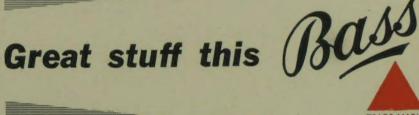
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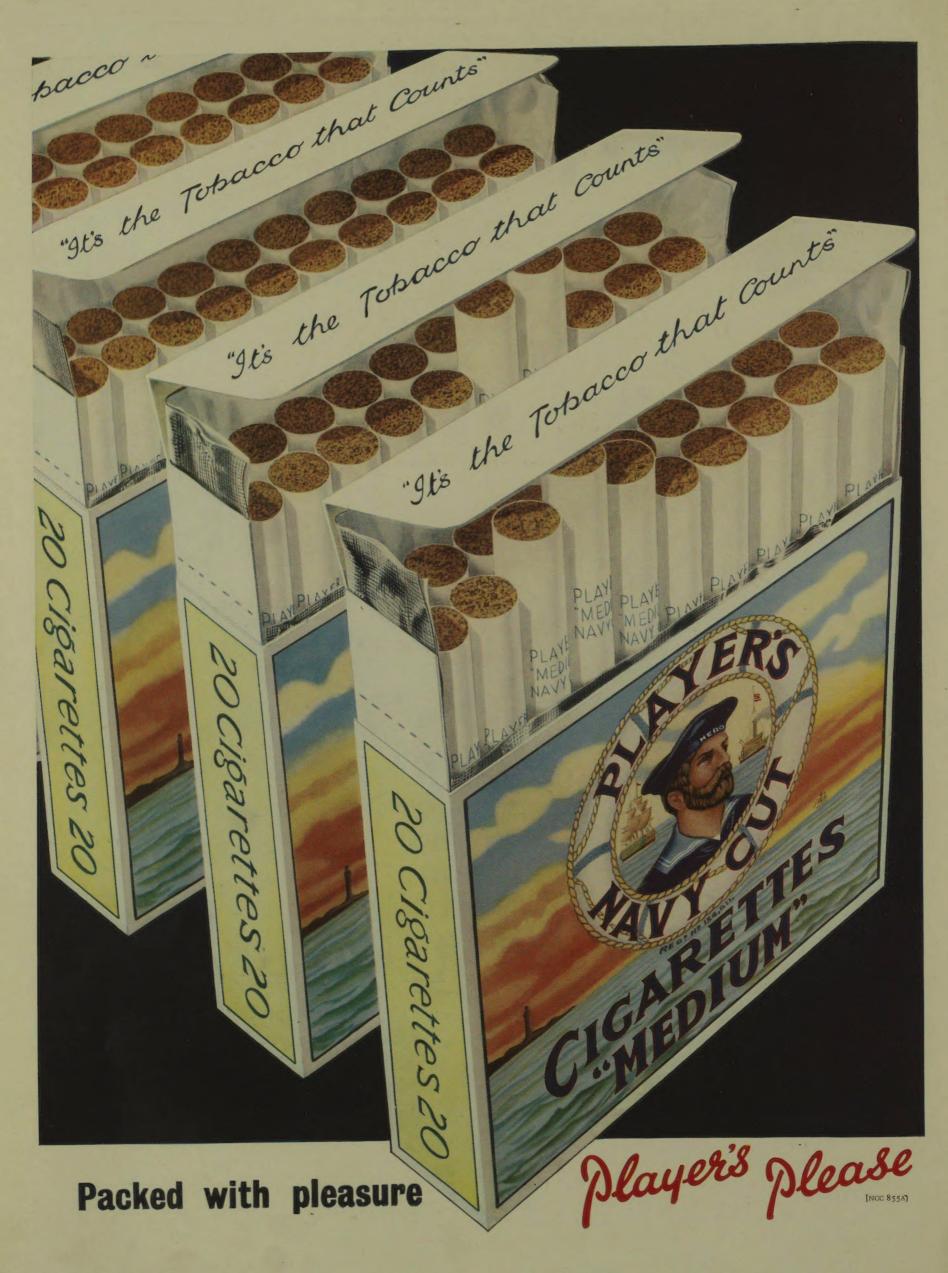
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discover it, and you will cherish and enjoy through the years its heritage of highborn loveliness. This Barrie treasure may be found, from time to time, only in the very best shops.

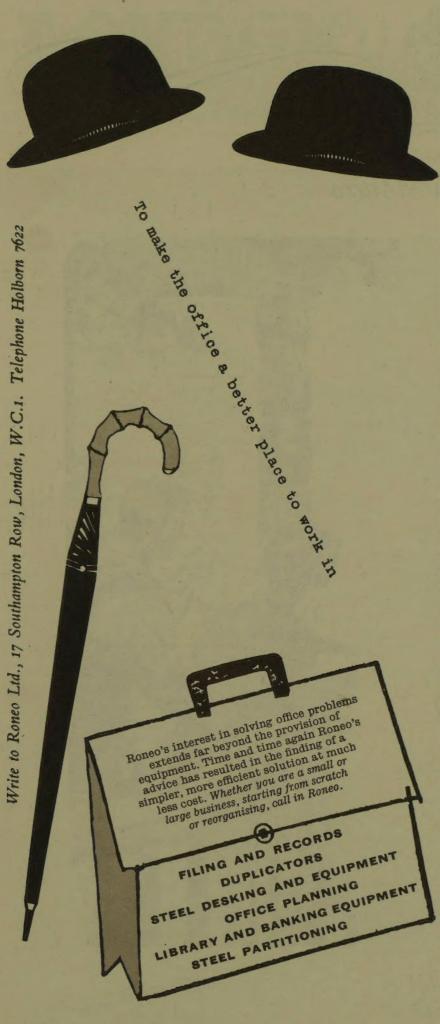


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and do the job PROPERLY



Saxton's Map of Scotland, 1583

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Fine Scotch is a blend of many whiskies, and much turns on where these whiskies are made. In the case of Ballantine's, this important question was decided many years ago.

Those experts of another age chose forty-two whiskies distilled in different areas of Scotland. To-day, these very same whiskies meet in the vats at Dumbarton, each one lending its unique character to the balanced blend that is Ballantine's.

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# **Ballantine's**

THE SUPERB SCOTCH

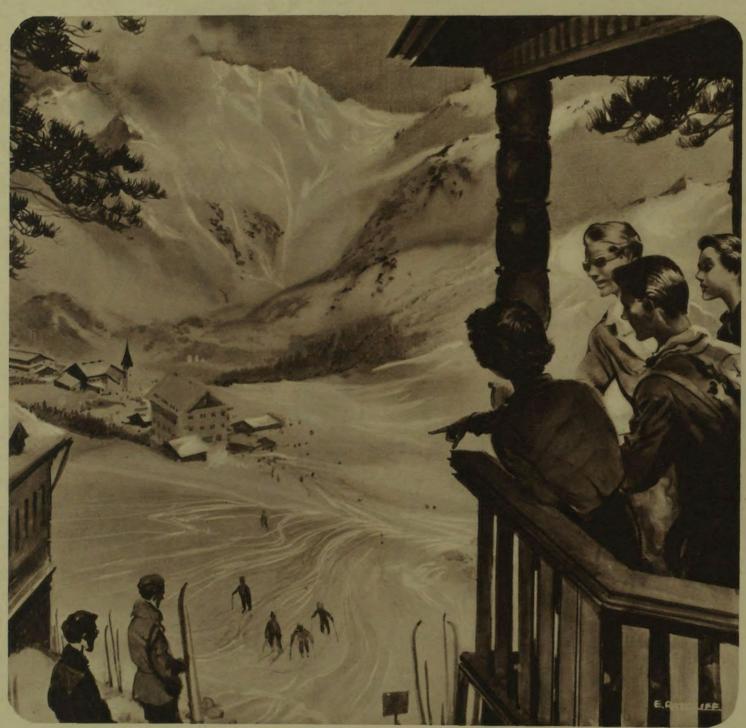
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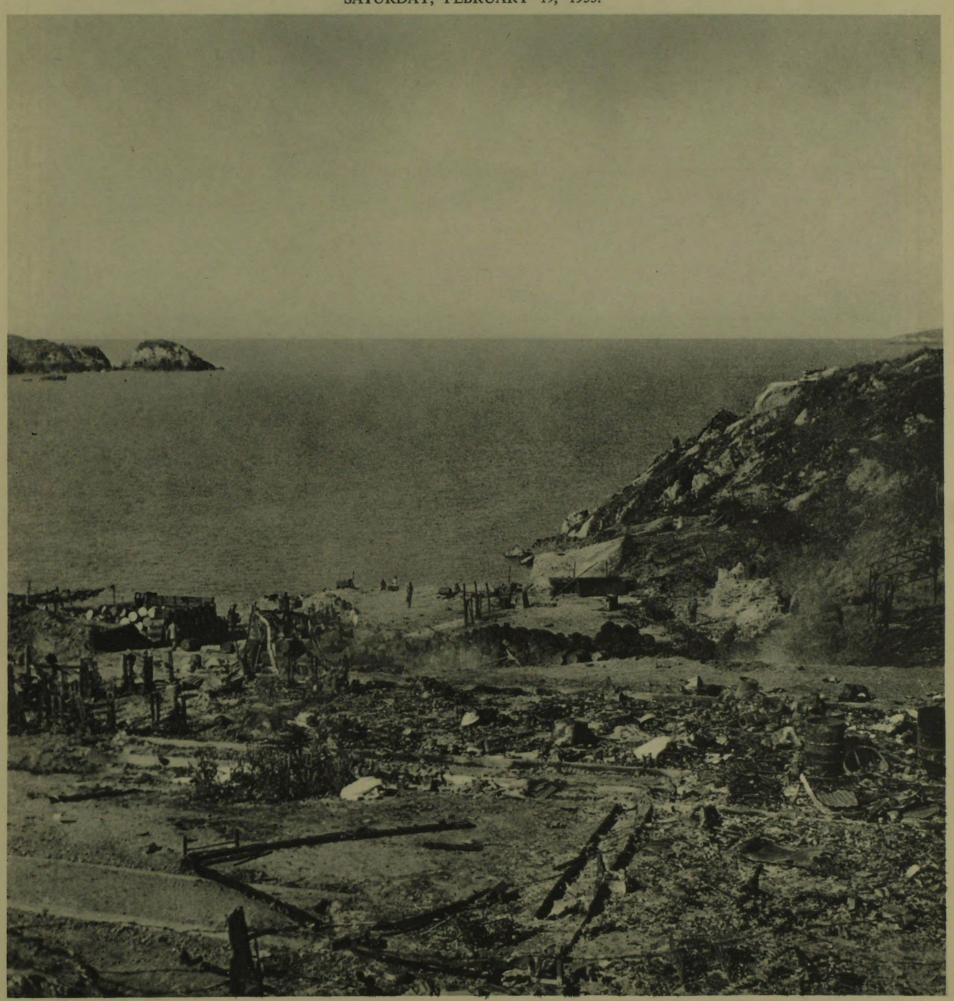


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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1955.



## WHERE THE CHINESE COMMUNIST FLAG NOW FLIES: A HARBOUR IN THE TACHENS, FROM WHICH CIVILIANS AND NATIONALIST TROOPS WERE EVACUATED WITHOUT INTERFERENCE. THE DAMAGE SHOWN IS THE RESULT OF EARLIER AIR RAIDS.

On February 8 all civilians had been evacuated from North Tachen Island; and on February 10 Admiral Pride, Commander of the U.S. Seventh Fleet, announced that all civilians had been evacuated from the group to the number of nearly 14,000. By February 12 the evacuation of the Nationalist troops was complete, all military and harbour installations were blown up, and the areas sown with mines. For this six-day operation the Nationalist Navy mobilised almost all its warships, and its air force provided a constant cover for the area. United States forces provided sea and air cover, with twenty-three amphibious vessels with a

lift capacity of 25,000 men, and a guard was kept with 400 carrier-based aircraft and 120 warships. On February 13 Chinese Communist forces landed on the islands, twenty-four hours after the Nationalists had left, and also made landings on Tushan and Pishan Islands, about thirty miles away. The Communist news agency stated that the occupation of the Tachens had created favourable conditions for the liberation of Formosa and other coastal islands. The U.S. Seventh Fleet began its return to its normal bases and training areas; but one squadron of Sabre aircraft was remaining on Formosa for the time being.



The Shah of Persia and the Empress Suraya were due to arrive in this country in the Queen Mary from the United States on Wednesday, February 16, and have arranged to stay until Wednesday, February 23, when they plan to leave for Germany by air. They are staying at the Persian Embassy, and their engagements

include lunch with the Queen on February 18, tea with Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother on the 17th, and lunch with the Prime Minister on the 21st. Arrangements are being made for the Shah to visit a Royal Air Force station, and he and the Empress will also dine with the Foreign Secretary.



The Empress Suraya was formerly Miss Suraya Islandiari Bakhtiari, and married his Imperial Majesty the Shawan Shah on February 12, 1951. She and the Shah left Teheran last December for a goodwill tour of the United States, during which they lunched with the President and Mrs. Eisenhower and dined with the Secretary

of State and Mrs. Dulles. They also travelled widely in America, visiting California, the winter-sports centre of Sun Valley, Idaho; and Miami. The Duke of Gloucester (representing the Queen) and Mr. Nutting, the Minister of State, Foreign Office, arranged to meet them on arrival in London on Wednesday last.



#### By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE Russo-German Non-Aggression Pact of 1939, about which I have lately been reading, was, all things considered, one of the most extraordinary episodes in diplomatic history. It was called a non-aggression pact, but its real object was to enable both parties to commit aggression on a gigantic scale without interference from the other. Otherwise, it would never have been negotiated at all, for each side cordially detested and feared the other. It was probably responsible for more deaths and more misery than any other pact entered into by two sovereign Powers.

Chamberlain's guarantee to Poland after the German march to Prague

Chamberlain's guarantee to Poland after the German march to Prague aroused Hitler's intense indignation. "I'll cook them a stew they'll choke over," he shouted when the news reached him. Because the unpredictable, meddlesome islanders had offered the Poles their aid, he ordered his generals to be ready to march on Warsaw by September 1. And in his rage at the old umbrella-carrying statesman whom he had cheated and who had placed himself in his path, he resolved to incur the risks of an immediate European war, even though he was not ready for it. The British, who were utterly un-prepared for war on land and still far from adequately prepared for it in the air, were equally resolved to fight if Poland were attacked, and set about with great determination to concert plans for it with Poland's rather reluctant allies, the French.

By far the gravest defect in the strategic plan which the Western democracies agreed lay in the attitude of Russia, which in 1914 had fought by France and Britain's side and, by

doing so, absorbed a large part of the German and Austrian Armies. Since the Munich Agreement—from which they had been pointedly left out—the attitude of the Soviet leaders, always equivocal, had been enigmatic in the extreme. While continuing to vilify their old enemies, the Nazis, they had denounced the Western allies' surrender at Munich as a betrayal of the workers' cause by Fascist and bourgeois lackeys With her pledge, however, to defend the frontiers of Poland and Rumania, Britain had now freed the Kremlin from its nightmare fear of a German invasion with the tacit permission of the West. Instead of giving the Nazis a free hand, by pledging herself to fight if the buffer States between Russia and Germany were attacked she had underwritten the security of the U.S.S.R. Hitler could now only obtain a springboard from which to attack Russia at the cost of a European war against Poland's backers, Britain and France. It was the realisation of this that had made him so angry.

The British Government, therefore, It was the realisation of this

confidently expected that the U.S.S.R would welcome the chance to join with Britain and France in a joint guarantee to the threatened buffer States along her western frontier and in a grand alliance against German aggression. The Russian leaders, how-ever, had other ideas. For, having secured the uncovenanted benefit of Chamberlain's guarantee to the Poles,

they now saw a chance of postponing for several years any attack on themselves, and so securing a respite in which to complete their programme of industrialisation and readiness for war. If Hitler, with his fear of having to fight on two fronts, could be prevailed upon to concentrate against the West, whatever the results of the struggle, Russia would be the gainer. If Britain and France were successful, Germany would cease to be a menace; if they were defeated, conditions would be created for a revolution in their territories and the extension of Communist and Russian influence throughout the world. And in any event, Germany would be weakened by a contest during which a neutral Russia would grow steadily stronger.

There was a still more tempting possibility. Russia, too, had suffered grievous losses of territory as a result of her defeat in the 1914-18 war. The new Republics of Poland, Finland, Latvia, Esthonia and Lithuania had been carved out of her former western provinces, while Bessarabia had been given to Rumania. She had not only lost power and prestige, but depth for defence; from the Finnish frontier it was possible for long-range guns to shell her former capital, Leningrad. Without a reoccupation of these countries her richest industrial and agricultural areas would be dangerously open to invasion in the event of war. Her rulers, therefore, made it clear to the Western pegotiators that the first condition of any alliance with the to the Western negotiators that the first condition of any alliance with the West must be permission to send an army into Poland and the Baltic States to hold their existing frontiers against Germany, whether they wished

With their respect for international legality and for the rights of small nations, the statesmen of the West were confronted with an apparently insoluble problem. All these small parliamentary and Christian States had

an insurmountable objection to being "saved" by a Soviet army and subjected to the process of enforced communisation and liquidation which they knew would follow. The British Government refused to put pressure on them, and the Russian Government refused to offer them a guarantee without the right to get a superior of the same of

on them, and the Russian Government refused to offer them a guarantee without the right to garrison and occupy their territories. The negotiations for an alliance in Moscow, therefore, hung fire, and though the Western plenipotentiaries persisted in hope, the negotiations remained without reality. The Russian dictator and his henchmen, on the other hand, knew that the totalitarian rulers of Germany had no such scruples. They saw that if they played their cards with skill, they could win from them not only time but space. On April 17, less than three weeks after Chamberlain's guarantee to Poland, the Soviet Ambassador in Berlin dropped a hint that there was no reason why Communist Russia and Nazi Germany should not in future no reason why Communist Russia and Nazi Germany should not in future live together on a normal footing. A fortnight later the Russian Foreign Commissar, Litvinof—the chief protagonist of collective security and collaboration with the West—was dismissed and was succeeded by the collaboration with the West—was dismissed and was succeeded by the far grimmer Molotov.

Though for years mutual vituperation had been the staple of both Soviet.

Whatever

Though for years mutual vituperation had been the staple of both Soviet and Nazi propaganda, the German response was immediate. Whatever doubts were felt by Hitler, with his deep-seated hatred of Russia and his unalterable resolve to destroy her, the opportunity of liquidating Poland without risk of Russian intervention, and even with Russian connivance, was too good to be missed. If Chamberlain's England would not allow him a free path to the east through Poland, his ultimate victim—Stalin's Russia—should! Instead of the latter figuring next in the conqueror's banquet, she would take England's place as the complacent friend of the hour and the last to be devoured. Negotiations with the U.S.S.R. were begun at once and continued throughout the summer, while the hoodwinked British and French plenipotentiaries pursued their illusory hopes of a grand alliance. grand alliance.

The Russians used their bargaining The Russians used their bargaining position with great skill. But, in view of the price Germany was prepared to pay, the issue was never in doubt. For a German-Soviet Pact was the very instrument that Hitler needed to break the *impasse* with which Chamberlain had so suddenly confronted him. It offered, or seemed to offer him, all he could ask. It relieved him of the fear of a war on two fronts. him of the fear of a war on two fronts, gave him the power to isolate and crush the Poles without any fear of Western intervention—since without Western intervention—since without Russia their allies would be impotent either to help them or hurt Germany—and enabled him, should Britain and France subsequently oppose him, to turn and rend them without interference from the East. Chamberlain had tried to deny him a war on one front by threatening him with one on two. Now Hitler could have one on each front in turn, and then, having



MR. CAMPBELL'S ATTEMPT ON THE WORLD WATER SPEED RECORD.

LAUNCHED FOR THE FIRST TIME INTO ULLSWATER ON FEBRUARY 8: MR. DONALD CAMPBELL'S TURBO-JET HYDROPLANE BLUEBIRD.

CAMPBELL'S TURBO-JET HYDROPLANE BLUEBIRD.

The new turbo-jet hydroplane Bluebird, in which Mr. Donald Campbell is hoping to attack the world water speed record, was launched for the first time into Ullswater, Cumberland, on February 8. The launching had to be postponed for a day when it was found that the water at the end of the slipway was too shallow to take Bluebird safely. Mr. Campbell made his first trial run in Bluebird on February 11, but, at the time of writing, the actual date of his attempt on the record has not been announced. Mr. Donald Campbell, who is the son of the late Sir Malcolm Campbell, made some attempts on the world water speed record in Bluebird 11. after his father's death, but on October 25, 1951, when travelling at speed on Coniston Water, the speedboat hit a submerged obstacle and was severely damaged. The present world water speed record of 178.497 statute miles per hour was established by Stanley Sayres, of the United States, on Lake Washington on July 7, 1952.

overthrown first Poland and then Britain and France, resume his eastward march against an isolated Russia. The road to world conquest was open again and he had regained his freedom of action.

Above all, a pact with Russia offered him the chance to humiliate and render ridiculous the men who had dared to halt and thwart him. Hitler,

render ridiculous the men who had dared to halt and thwart him. Hitler, therefore, grasped at it eagerly, offering the Russians the right to do as they pleased with Eastern Poland, Finland, Esthonia, Latvia and Rumanian Bessarabia. "I have struck this instrument," he declared on August 22—the night before the Pact was signed—"from the hands of the Western Powers. Now we can strike at the heart of Poland." The invasion of that country was to follow instantaneously. It was to be a war, he ordered, of terror and extermination. And all danger of British intervention seemed past. Yet to the amazement of Hitler and the world, the announcement of this tremendous coupt, whatever its impact on the logical French, made almost

Yet to the amazement of Hitler and the world, the announcement of this tremendous coup, whatever its impact on the logical French, made almost none on the English. Knowing that they had been counting on Russian aid to enable them to make their guarantee to Poland effective, the German leader had never imagined that, stubborn though they were, they would calmly persist in going to war when all hope of helping their ally had become impossible. But after eighteen months of continuous alarms and successive acts of armed violence, the British people and Government, for all their former doubts and divisions, had reached complete unanimity. They were resolved that any further act of arms, for whatever cause, would bring them instantly into war on the side of the party attacked. The decision had been taken, and no man could now have persuaded them otherwise. The Russo-German Pact saved Russia, but it did not save Germany. In the long run, by causing Hitler to go to war with England, it proved his ruin.

#### THE PRINCESS'S TOUR: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS IN ST. GEORGE'S, GRENADA.



BEING GREETED BY THE BISHOP OF THE WINDWARD ISLANDS: PRINCES MARGARET ARRIVING AT ST. GEORGE'S ANGLICAN CHURCH.



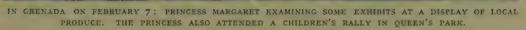
INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR MOUNTED BY THE GRENADA POLICE FORCE: PRINCESS MARGARET ON HER ARRIVAL AT ST. GEORGE'S ON FEBRUARY 6.

N Sunday, February 6, Princess Margaret stepped ashore from the Royal yacht Britannia at St. George's, Grenada, in the Windward Islands, the third stop on her month's tour of the British West Indies. A 21-gun salute was fired from Fort George as the Britannia arrived in the harbour after a night cruise from Tobago. The Princess was welcomed by the Governor of the Windward Islands, Sir Edward Beetham, whose appointment as Governor and C.-in-C. of Trinidad and Tobago was announced recently. After attending a service in St. George's Anglican Church Princess Margaret drove to Government House. A gardenparty was held in the grounds in the afternoon but was marred by a heavy rainstorm. On February 7, the final day of Princess Margaret's visit to Grenada, her Royal Highness attended a children's rally in Queen's Park, and received an address of welcome from the people of Grenada. The afternoon was spent privately, but in the evening the Princess attended a reception at Government House before she took leave of the Governor and returned to the Britannia for her visit, on the following day, to St. Vincent.

(RIGHT.) ARRIVING IN GRENADA:
PRINCESS MARGARET BEING
GREETED BY THE GOVERNOR OF
THE WINDWARD ISLANDS, SIR
EDWARD BEETHAM, IN ST.
GEORGE'S HARBOUR.









AT COVERNMENT HOUSE BEFORE SHE LEFT GRENADA: H.R.M. PRINCESS
MARGARET MAKING HER ENTRANCE AT A RECEPTION.



# THE PRINCESS'S TOUR: TOBAGO, ISLAND OF ROBINSON CRUSOE, AND BARBADOS.

(LEFT.) A GRACIOUS
ROYAL GESTURE:
H.R.H. PRINCESS
MARGARET TALKING
TO A CRIPPLED
NATIVE DURING A
RALLY HELD IN SHAW
PARK, TOBAGO.

(RIGHT.) A SURPRISE TOWN'S OVAL: PRINCESS MARGARET WITH MEMBERS OF THE BARBADOS AND PRESIDENT OF THE BARBADOS THE BARBADOS AND PRESIDENTED THE TWO CAFTAINS.





HFR ROYAL HIGHNESS ARRIVES AT CAREENAGE HARBOUR, BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOS: THE PRINCESS (ON GANG-PLANK) WALKING ASHORE FROM THE ROYAL BARGE.



TAKING THE SALUTE AFTER HER ARRIVAL AT BARBADOS: THE PRINCESS ON THE QUAYSIDE AT BRIDGETOWN, WITH, BEHIND, THE MOUNTED POLICE.



Leaving parliament building in Bridgetown: H.R.H. princess margaret, with H.E. the GÖVERNOR, SIR ROBERT ARUNDELL.

Princess Margaret on February 5 flew from Trinidad to Tobago, the island described by Defoe in "Robinson Crusoe," which is administratively included with Trinidad; and during the day spent there her Royal Highness attended a Rally and a Garden Party. On February 9, the Princess arrived at Barbados from St. Vincent, in the Royal yacht Britannia. Some 25,000 Barbadians assembled to give her Royal Highness a wildly enthusiastic welcome. Some were stationed on the decks of island steamers lying at the dockside; others

stood packed close by the quay ropes. Harbour guards in the dress of sailors of Nelson's day, and smart, mounted police on handsome bays with red saddle-cloths added to local colour. During her four-day stay at Barbados, the Princess fulfilled a big programme, including a visit to the Trade and Industries Fair. She also paid a surprise call at the Bridgetown Oval and met the British Guiana and Barbados cricket teams, who were playing a five-day match. Later her Royal Highness made a private call on Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Tree at Heron Beach.



PRINCESS MARGARET'S TWO-HOUR VISIT TO ST. VINCENT, WINDWARD ISLANDS; PRESENTATIONS BEING MADE TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS UNDER THE SHADE OF LOFTY TREES. ALTHOUGH SHE REMAINED FOR SO SHORT A TIME ON THIS ISLAND, SHE CARRIED OUT A CONSIDERABLE PROGRAMME OF ENGAGEMENTS.



A SALUTE OF TWENTY-ONE GUNS-FIRED FROM A MINIATURE CANNON: PART OF THE JOYOUS GREETING WHICH ST. VINCENT ARRANGED FOR PRINCESS MARGARET ON FEB. 8.



ACCEPTING A SCROLL FROM THE ACTING ADMINISTRATOR OF ST. VINCENT; PRINCESS MARGARET, WHO WAS WEARING A LIGHT SILK DRESS IN RHODODENDRON PINK.



ONE OF THE FAMOUS WEST INDIAN STEEL BANDS PLAYS FOR THE ROYAL VISITOR: MEMBERS OF THE "COMMANDOS" BAND GIVING A PERFORMANCE FOR THE PRINCESS AT ST. VINCENT.



IN BARBADOS ON FEBRUARY 9; H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET SMILINGLY ACKNOWLEDGING THE GREETINGS OF COLOURED CHILDREN AFTER SHE HAD OPENED A NEW SCHOOL.

### PRINCESS MARGARET'S TOUR: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS IN ST. VINCENT, "BLIGH OF THE BOUNTY'S" ISLAND, AND BARBADOS.

When Princess Margaret arrived in St. Vincent, Windward Islands, on February 8 for a two-hour visit, she received an unusual welcome to recall Captain Bligh of the Bounty's connection with the island, which he provided with breadfruit and other "choice and curious plants" in 1793. An islander in an old naval uniform represented the Captain, in a 24-ft. boat manned by nine Caribbeans, five men and four women, descendants of the original inhabitants. A salute of twenty-one

guns was fired from a miniature cannon. Presentations were made and her Royal Highness drove round the island, and attended a youth rally and a garden-party before leaving for Barbados in *Britannia*. She accepted the island's gift of a hand-embroidered parasol of St. Vincent's famous sea island cotton, with a mahogany stem and handle made from a conch shell and part of a whale's tooth, presented by a girl of eleven, a primary schoolchild.

#### THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED "DEPHLOGISTICATED AIR."

"THE CRUCIBLE: THE STORY OF JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, LL.D., F.R.S."; By JOHN GRAHAM GILLAM.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE. who discovered Oxygen, to which he gave a much

THE author of this book opens by stating frankly its odd germination. "When," says he, "I was demobilised from the Army after World War II., I decided to write an historical novel, and, having chosen a subject, and being in Birmingham, I sought the advice of Mr. Herbert Maurice Cashmore, M.B.E., F.L.A., who was then the City Librarian, and who is now Emeritus City Librarian and a Past President of the Library Association. After some discussion he suggested that I might write the story of Joseph Priestley, LL.D., F.R.S., and I accepted his advice." It is admirable in its way. Mr. Gillam seems to have carried over into civil life the discipline which he learnt in the Service. "What's the target, Sarge?" "Twenty past six": which happened to be Priestley. Had the reply been "a quarter to four," or "seven o'clock," it seems as though Mr. Gillam might at least have considered aiming his rifle at Milton, Gladstone or John Wesley.

"I intended an ode and it turned to a sonnet," wrote Austin Dobson. Mr. Gillam intended a historical now Emeritus City Librarian and a Past President of

wrote Austin Dobson. Mr. Gillam intended a historical novel (the subject he chose is not divulged); the City Librarian evidently desired a biography; the result is, alas, a mixture of the two. I say nothing against the historical novel, as such. If an author wishes to revive, to our imaginations, the careers, characters and surroundings of people who lived in ages from which the surviving documentary evidence. ages from which the surviving documentary evidence is fragmentary or non-existent, he may succeed, like Walter Scott, or make himself ludicrous, like Miss Never-Mind-Whom. In a novel about Semiramis or Rameses II., the Queen or the Pharaoh may plausibly be stated to have said "Off with his head," in the best Carrollian manner; and, in the absence of further information, we can accept the remark, so long as it is not phrased "I prithee remove this wight; he wearieth me," or "Blot that guy." But, as the subject gets nearer to our own times, the author of a historical novel has to be more and more able, knowledgeable and careful if he is to "get away with it." historical novel has to be more and more able, know-ledgeable and careful, if he is to "get away with it." Romulus and Remus would be better subjects than Doctor Johnson or Queen Victoria for authors who wish to enliven their pages with conjectural conversations; and I think that Mr. Gillam, once he decided to deal with Dr. Priestley, would have been

BENL FRANKLIN



THE MAN WHO WAS JOSEPH PRIESTLEY'S PATRON FOR SEVEN YEARS: THE EARL OF SHELBURNE, AFTERWARDS FIRST MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE.

By Thomas Gainsborough, R.A. A Mansell photograph.

of Benjamin Franklin, and ultimately went to America with his family and died there." Persons with a little more information may remember that Priestley was for seven years a protégé of Lord Shelburne (later first Marquess of Lansdowne) and that the Whig lords

of Bowood were habitually inclined to help

men of talent, the first Marquis having successors who gave a home to Tom Moore, the Irish Minstrel, and a secretaryship to Matthew Arnold, the budding poet. There are chapters in this book, reading which one forgets that Mr. Gillam ever thought of writing a historical novel: genuine letters are quoted. There are chapters, reading which, one merely follows the exciting narrative: that on the Gordon Riots, and that on the Riots in Birmingham, and Priestley's flight thereafter from the mob in whose virtue he doctrinally believed, having taken, as a merely temporary aberration, the ghastly procession of heads on pikes which followed the capture of the Bastille, as the preliminary to a New Dawn and Universal Love. But Mr. Gillam, who might have done better to content himself with assembling facts, thinks it necessary to produce

thinks it necessary to produce dialogues which could never have taken place.

The first of many of these occurs on page 2. The peer arrives on the minister's doorstep, with a proposition.

Mrs. Priestley breaks in:

"Whatever the decision is,' she said at last 'vou will both

she said at last, 'you will both enjoy the dinner I have prepared

for this important occasion.'
"'On that issue,' replied Priestley, 'his lordship

and I will be in enthusiastic agreement.

and I will be in enthusiastic agreement."

"She laughed gaily, and left to go down to the kitchen. On reaching the foot of the stairs, she heard the jingle of harness and clatter of hoofs followed by the bell pealing forth its staccato notes, and hurried to prepare the serving of the first course."

Where 's the evidence? This is meant to bring the story to life: me it merely chills. So also many subsequent, creepy passages, in which people talk, not

merely unnaturally, but telling each other things they are bound to know already merely in order to inform the reader, a fault as gross in historical novels as on the stage. The danger of an inexperienced writer mixing kinds is evident in other regards also. Mr. Gillam knows certain things and rashly assumes that his characters know them also. Under date 1789 he says: "As news came in steadily from across the Channel and became more widely known John Wilkinson thought it would not be long before the opinions of his brother-in-law, and the many sympathisers with the revolutionaries, would receive a rude shock; then would the welcoming effusions of Sheridan, and the poets Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey, turn from approbation to abhorrence." Mr. Gillam knows what happened to those poets; so do we all; but Mr. Wilkinson must have been a crystal-gazer to have foreseen it all in 1789. For Wordsworth, aged nineteen, was still an undergraduate at St. John's College, Cambridge, Coleridge was a boy at Christ's Hospital, aged seventeen, and Southey was fifteen, and at Westminster.

Mr. Gillam, parts of whose book are sound and of his brother-in-law, and the many sympathisers with

Mr. Gillam, parts of whose book are sound and verifiable, abandons his hero on the departure to America: there is enough worth while preserving in his book for me to suggest that he might revise it and reissue it with all the water squeezed out and the narrative completed.

I admit that, even in a revised form, I shall not be eager to read it again. For Priestley leaves me cold. He had many talents and many virtues. He was a good family man, a scientific pioneer, an independent thinker, incapable of falsehood: but he was a born "anti," a mule. This country has suffered from many shortages in our time: of fuel and meat, of cheese and rice and tea: but it has never been short of cranks—and Priestley was a super-crank: when the crisis was at its height he accepted citizenship of France for himself and his son William, though, of France for himself and his son withan, though, had he been living in France, he would certainly have gone to the guilloine, like his mild and elegant co-discoverer of oxygen. Later he became a citizen of the U.S.A., a country, he believed, utterly free from the corruptions of the Old World.

This cantankerous, honest man would have been better suited to our own time. His disbelief in the



JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, LL.D., F.R.S., PAINTED IN AMERICA IN 1794.

PRIESTLEY WAS BORN IN 1733 AND DIED IN 1804.

By Rembrandt Peale. By permission of the New York Historical Society.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Crucible"; by Courtesy of the Publisher,

Robert Hale.

central doctrines of the Christian Creed might have

• "The Crucible: The Story of Joseph Priestley, LL.D., F.R.S." By John Graham Gillam. Illustrated. (Robert Hale; 21s.)

wise had he stuck to "straight" biography instead of trying to make his book more picturesque by inventing momentous conversations and putting into his characters' minds information which we have but

I suppose that the ordinary educated non-specialist's knowledge of Dr. Priestley might be summarised thus: "Dr. Priestley was a combative Unitarian minister,

they did not have

THE AMERICAN STATESMAN, SCIENTIST AND PHILOSOPHER WHO WAS A FRIEND OF JOSEPH PRIESTLEY: BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, LL.D., F.R.S. (1706-1790).

From a portrail by David Martin. By permission of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia, U.S.A.

made him, rather appositely, Bishop of Birmingham, and his penchant for bloody revolution and the enemies of his country might have led him to other high office. Therein installed, in the intervals between the preaching of unorthodox sermons, he might have been busily employing himself splitting atoms.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 336 of this issue.



SYMBOLIC OF THE MIGHT OF THE U.S. SEVENTH FLEET, WHICH COVERED THE EVACUATION OF THE TACHEN ISLANDS: THE SUPPORT AIRCRAFT-CARRIER PHILIPPINE SEA CRUISING IN LINE AHEAD OFF FORMOSA.

By February 10, three days after the Chinese Nationalists began the evacuation of the Tachen Islands, nearly 14,000 civilians had arrived at Keelung, Formosa. The evacuation, covered by units of the United States Seventh Fleet and other vessels, met with no opposition from the Chinese Communists, although one U.S. fighter aircraft on anti-submarine patrol was shot down by A.-A. gunfire. Vice-Admiral Pride, Commander of the Seventh Fleet, said later that the aircraft had made an error in navigation. The plan envisaged the removal of all the Nationalist garrison troops from the Tachens as soon as the evacuation of civilians was completed, leaving the islands to the mercy of the Communists. Civilians have

also been removed from Nanchi Island, 75 miles south of the Tachens, and the Nationalists have said that they will reinforce the garrison there. Most of the evacuation has been carried out by Nationalist landing-craft, supplemented by a few light American ships from Okinawa. The Seventh Fleet aircraft-carriers Midway, 45,000 tons; Wasp, Kearsarge, Essex and Yorktown, all 33,100 tons; and Princeton, 27,100 tons, provided the principal air cover, while cruisers and destroyers acted as escort to the landing-craft. The 27,100-ton Philippine Sea, pictured above, is a Support Aircraft-Carrier of the original "Essex" class, and was completed in May 1946.

THE writer on foreign affairs has to brace himself nowadays to return again and again to the subject of the Far East when he would himself like a break and may feel that many of his readers would too. It would be weak to run away from the topic. Yet discussion of it tends to be unsatisfactory and inconclusive. The weekly writer, in particular, may envy the daily journalist, who is concerned with the immediate news and its interpretation, and, on the other hand, the monthly commentator who can sit down to a general review. He stands half-way between the two and has a task more difficult than that of either. Yet, however much the tasks of the three may differ, all of them are entitled to find one bright spot in the present crisis. This is, it need hardly be said, created by the fact that the Prime Ministers of the British Commonwealth should have been meeting at its height. It is indeed a matter of great good fortune that this grand council should have assembled at such a moment. Its meeting could not have been more opportune. The collective wisdom of the Commonwealth faces the danger at its greatest.

We have been permitted to know that on February 1 fruitful discussions took place on a subject related to, but not directly connected with, the question of Formosa. This was Commonwealth defence, with particular reference to Malaya. Here was a broad issue of enduring interest and importance, which could be approached in calm and without a sense of pressing anxiety. I shall try to extricate it from the confusion of the wider subject

a broad issue of enduring interest and importance, which could be approached in calm and without a sense of pressing anxiety. I shall try to extricate it from the confusion of the wider subject of the Far East, glancing first of all at the developments which crowded upon it and — for the time being—reduced it in the daily Press to the scope of a topic of a day. A sense of exaggerated optimism prevailed, both at home and in the United States, that Communist China would give a favourable reply to the invitation of the United Nations Security Council to discuss cessation of hostilities in the Formosa Strait. It seemed face of it, to suppose that this would be the case, but I myself had long felt certain that Communist China was not in a reasonable mood.

Chou En-lai's answer could not have been harsher or more ill-mannered. It was made into an envelope to carry not only a flat refusal, but also, in the familiar Communist style, a display of propaganda and hatred. Formosa and the Pescadores were inalienable parts of Chinese territory; the New Zealand proposal to discuss ending hostilities was intervention to cover acts of aggression by the United States; China would not send a representative, it would be null and void; only after Chiang Kai-shek's representative had been "driven out" of the United Nations and a representative of the People's Republic of China had been invited in the name of China, would he be sent to take part in the discussions of the Security Council. The only glimmer of compromise, and that a minute one, was a remark that genuine efforts to reduce tension would receive the support of the Chinese Communist Government.

Meanwhile this tension had, if anything, increased, as the Communists appeared more and more likely to interrupt evacuation of the Nationalist-held islands fringing the mainland and United States forces

tension would receive the support of the Chinese Communist Government.

Meanwhile this tension had, if anything, increased, as the Communists appeared more and more likely to interrupt evacuation of the Nationalist-held islands fringing the mainland and United States forces prepared to cover these withdrawals, to the extent to which they had then been decided on. (The day before, February 2, President Eisenhower had said to his Press Conference, when asked if it were not dangerous to leave the Quemoys and Matsus in obscurity, that the United States could not afford to go into tactical detail too minutely.) This is the question of the moment. Perhaps people are getting too excited about it, for there can be no doubt whatever that the object of the United States is disengagement and putting a wider sheet of water between her forces and those of the Communists; but it is none the less ugly. It must have been very much in the mind of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers from day to day.

Now to return to the defence of Malaya. There have been meetings on particular military problems confined mainly to those members especially interested in the regions concerned. Next to the United Kingdom, Australia is the member most deeply interested in the defence of Malaya, and New Zealand comes third. These three have been discussing what has been described as an elaboration of an organisation of postwar days. It might more properly be termed a revival, since there has of late been little life in it. I confess that I have no recollection of its very name, but The Times of February 3 spoke of it as something established. It is A.N.Z.A.M., standing for cooperation between Britain, Australia and New Zealand in the defence of Malaya and its internal security. Malaya lies a long way from all three, but it is a charge with a high order of priority for Britain, and its loss would represent a strategic threat to Australia and New Zealand.

#### WINDOW ON THE WORLD. ALL EYES ON THE FAR EAST.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

One topic which has made a frequent appearance on this page since the war has been the need for the old Commonwealth countries of European blood to take a greater part in Commonwealth defence. Their Governments, whatever their complexion, have generally been conscious of this need. Measured in either money or man-power, the contribution of both Australia and New Zealand has continued to be small by comparison with that of the United Kingdom. Yet politics and human nature alike make it difficult for



THE DRAMATIC CHANGES IN THE SUPREME SOVIET HIERARCHY: (FRONT ROW: L. TO R.) MARSHAL BULGANIN, NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE COUNCIL OF MINISTERS; MR. KHRUSHCHEV, FIRST SECRETARY OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY; MR. MALENKOV, WHO HAS RESIGNED AS CHAIRMAN OF THE COUNCIL; MR. MOLOTOV, MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, AND MR. KAGANOVITCH, A VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE COUNCIL.



THE NEWLY-APPOINTED SOVIET MINISTER OF DEFENCE IN SUCCESSION TO MARSHAL BULGANIN, NOW CHAIRMAN OF THE COUNCIL OF MINISTERS: MARSHAL GEORGI ZHUKOV.

COUNCIL OF MINISTERS: MARSHAL GEORGI ZHUKOV.

On February 8 (as recorded in our issue of February 12), the resignation of Mr. Malenkov, who succeeded Stalin as Chairman of the Council of Ministers in 1953, was announced at a Session of the Supreme Soviet. The reason given was "guilt" for the failure of the Agricultural policy and his "lack of experience which has had a negative influence on work in the economic sphere." When the Session was resumed Mr. Khrushchev put forward Marshal Bulganin to succeed Mr. Malenkov, and he was duly elected. On the next day Marshal Zhukov was appointed Minister of Defence. He is a distinguished soldier who stemmed the German attack on Moscow and later led the counter-offensive through Poland into Berlin. He had friendly relations with Field Marshal Lord Montgomery and General (now President) Eisenhower; and in a recent interview given to Mr. Randolph Hearst, Zhukov spoke of President Eisenhower most cordially. In 1946 Marshal Zhukov was appointed Commander of the Odessa garrison and remained in obscurity till after Stalin's death, when Mr. Malenkov made him First Deputy Minister of Defence. Mr. Malenkov has now been appointed Deputy Prime Minister in charge of Russian Power Stations. In his first speech as Chairman of the Council of Ministers, Marshal Bulganin (as Mr. Molotov had done in his foreign policy review) adopted a combative tone in regard to the Western Powers, and reaffirmed—in general terms—Russian support of China over Formosa.

their Governments to add to their commitments. These countries have built up high standards of living. They are ready, as they have proved in the past, to make great sacrifices in war; less ready to make more limited sacrifices in peace. Politicians risk their political lives when they go against the grain of

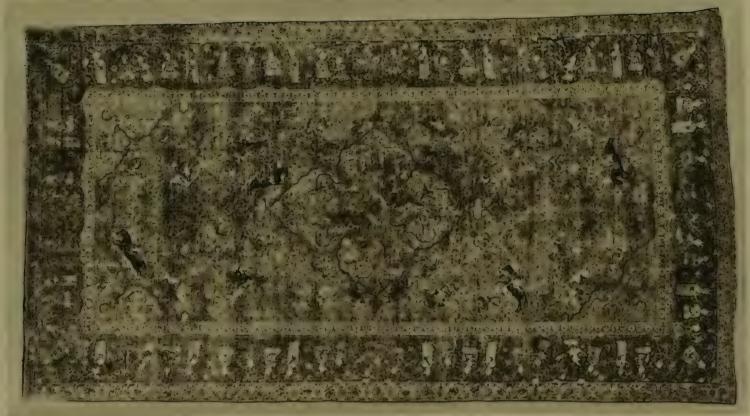
sentiment and tradition. Really substantial direct aid in Malaya in the form of a military contribution on the spot would hardly be possible without some form of conscription. That is the essence of the problem

form of conscription. That is the essence

of the problem.

It is not going to be solved in a moment.
The purpose of the Conference was consultation rather than decisions. What is
clear is that this has been one of the beat
opportunities for getting to grips with the question, and
have failed to make its actualizes clearer. Failed that the background of the crisis over Formosa cannot
have failed to make its actualizes clearer. As a consultation of the commonwealth matter.

E.A.T.O. and A.N.Z.U.S.,
Research forming part of the Commonwealth.
S.E.A.T.O. does not in any way dispense with the
need for Commonwealth defence of Malaya on the spot.
Even if the United States were not averse to stationing
forces on the mainland of Asia, which she is, the
Commonwealth ought not to
depend on her assistance in a
project of this sort. If the institution is to survive in any form it
must be prepared to undertake
its own defence and do its own
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PROBABLY MADE
FOR
SHAH TAHMASP,
TO WHOM
ELIZABETH I.
SENT LETTERS:
A FABULOUS
PERSIAN CARPET
LENT TO A
NEW YORK
MUSEUM.

(LEFT.) MADE AT KASHAN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A PERSIAN HUNTING CARPET OF SILK AND METAL THREADS, WITH GARDEN SCENES IN THE BORDER, WHICH BARON MAURICE DE ROTHSCHILD HAS LENT TO THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.



A SPIRITED REPRESENTATION OF A HORSEMAN IN PURSUIT OF GAME: DETAIL OF THE HUNTING SCENES WHICH SURROUND THE CENTRAL PANEL OF THE PERSIAN HUNTING CARPET.



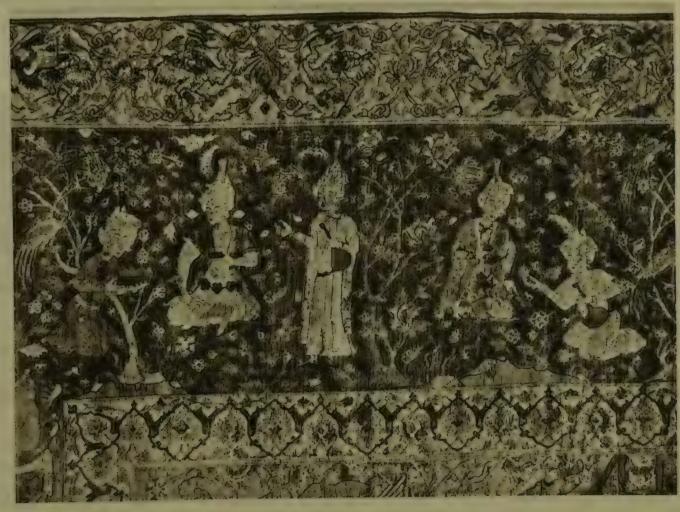
RECALLING THE SCENES AND THE STYLE OF PERSIAN MINIATURES: DETAIL OF THE HUNTING SCENES ON THE CARPET, SHOWING A HORSEMAN PURSUING A DEER.

THE fabulous and magnificent
Persian hunting carpet which
Baron Maurice de Rothschild has
lent for exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, is one
of the finest known. It is 15 ft.
7 ins. long by 8 ft. 4 ins. wide,
of silk and metal threads, with
728 knots to the square inch, of a
quality only made for the use of
the Royal Court, or as gifts to
foreign rulers. It was probably
woven at Kashan in the middle of
the sixteenth century for Shah
Tahmasp (1524–1576 A.D.), the
Persian ruler to whom the adventurous British merchant, sea captain and traveller, Anthony Jenkinson (d. 1611), carried letters from
Queen Elizabeth I. The decorations recall the miniature paintings
of Sultan Muhammad, Court painter
of the period. Chinese dragons and
phœnixes are shown in combat in
the central panel, woven of gold
and silver threads against a salmonpink background. Round the
central panel are hunting scenes
against a light-green background
adorned with red vines and leaves.
Horsemen in salmon pink, blue,
green and gold, armed with spears,
are shown in pursuit of antelopes,
hares, stags and lions. In the
border are garden scenes, recalling
Persian miniatures, with birds of
Paradise flying overhead and
perched in the trees, while turbaned
princes feast, waited on by
obsequious servants.

(RICHT.)

DETAIL OF THE BORDER OF THE HUNT-

(RIGHT.)
DETAIL OF THE BORDER OF THE HUNTING CARPET: PRINCES FEASTING IN A GARDEN.



#### A MAJOR MOVE IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN RACIAL SEGREGATION POLICY: NATIVE RESETTLEMENT.



A SHANTY-TOWN STREET IN PART OF SOPHIATOWN, JOHANNESBURG. ALTHOUGH NOT IMMEDIATELY DUE FOR DEMOLITION, THIS SHOWS SOME OF THE ACCOMMODATION AT PRESENT OCCUPIED BY AFRICANS.



A VIEW OF RAY STREET, IN THE CENTRE OF SOPHIATOWN-FROM IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE CHURCH OF



WHICH LARGE NUMBERS OF AFRICAN FAMILIES ARE BEING TRANSFERRED CHRIST THE KING, A SOCIAL AS WELL AS A RELIGIOUS CENTRE.



GOLD STREET, SOPHIATOWN, PART OF AN AREA WHERE BRICK AND CORRUGATED IRON SHANTIES



FOUR-ROOMED HOUSES AT THE NEW SUBURB OF MEADOWLANDS, TO WHICH NEGRO FAMILIES HAVE ALREADY BEEN FORCIBLY TRANSFERRED FROM THE SOPHIATOWN SLUMS.



AN IMPROVEMENT IN HOUSING CONDITIONS, BUT AN ASPECT OF SOUTH AFRICAN MILES FROM SOPHIATOWN. THE HOUSES HAVE WATER LAID ON,



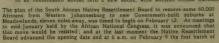
RACIAL SEGREGATION: THE GOVERNMENT-BUILT SUBURB OF MEADOWLANDS, ELEVEN INSIDE AND OUT, AND SEWERAGE, BUT NO ELECTRIC SUPPLY.



ONE OF THE BETTER HOUSES IN SOPHIATOWN. THIS IS SITUATED IN RAY STREET, OF WHICH ANOTHER VIEW APPEARS ABOVE (CENTRE). SOME OF SOPHIATOWN IS BEING DEMOLISHED.



BEGINNING OF THE TRANSFER TO MEADOWLANDS: ONE OF THE FIRST AFRICAN FAMILIES TO BE TRANSFERRED MOVING INTO A NEW HOUSE, WITH HOUSING CUIDES WATCHING.





African families were moved from Cophisticown to Mesdowlands. European police with assegues and extract with rife and Sang upon and African police with assegues and stokes arrived in Sophistown at 3.30 a.m. and police were posted along the route to Mesdowlands. The families were removed, with their goods, in military lories, and most said that they were glad to move. Some, however, said that their only worry would be how to pay the rent and the increased cost of travel to work. As the occupants



(RIGHT,) DEMOLITION WORKERS RECINSING TO TEAR DOWN SOPHIATOWN HOUSES, WHOSE OCCUPANTS HAVE FATHER HUDDLESTON (LEFT), THE CHAMPION OF THE SOPHIATOWN MOVED TO MEADOWLANDS. ON THE LEFT, AN AFRICAN FAMILY, WITH COODS PACKED, AWAITS TRANSFER. AFRICANS, TALKING WITH A POLICE OFFICER DURING THE TRANSFER.



left the houses and recons anti-rodent squade moved in with cytanice gas-pumps and demolition squade took over when funniquation was finished. These houses were demolished in order to prevent other families moving in. Some African families, believed to be about forty, who were opposed to being moved, had left earlier, taking their personal effects to a mission school. At Meadowlands guide directed the newoments to their new homes and each family received bread and directed when excoments to their new homes and each family received bread and

cold drinks, and was told that a food van from the Department of Nutrition would come in the alternoon. Bight disar-rooms were ready at the schools, where work was to begin on February 14. Each house has water laid on, inside and out, and sewarage, but there is no electricity. The streets are shortly to be tarred and the train service was extended to the new suburb on February 10. The gross density of the population in Meadowlands will be 34 families to the acre.



### IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

WHEN gardening folk speak of "plant-collectors" they usually have in mind those bold fellows who disappear into the wildest parts of the earth in search of plants—hardy

plants for preference—tor our gardens. For a good many years the Far East has been their favourite hunting-ground, and among the choicest treasures they have brought home have been various rhododendrons, primulas, lilies, berberis and cotoneasters. In earlier days, fifty, sixty, and seventy years ago, it was different. Plant-collectors were then called "orchid-hunters." As a small boy, I loved to read adventure stories of the "orchid-hunters," not so much for their botanical interest as for the thrill of head-hunters versus orchid-hunters. In their quest for new species they were apparently quite willing to risk the indignity of being killed for the table by the natives, or the discomfort of being swallowed alive and whole by some gigantic python or boa-constrictor.

To-day all that has changed. Orchid-hunters no

To-day all that has changed. Orchid-hunters no longer hunt in the old grand manner for the benefit of head-hunters, pythons, schoolboys and rich amateur fancier-patrons. Certain popular species are probably still collected commercially and in bulk, and an



"A CLASSIC EXAMPLE OF HOW NOT TO GO PLANT-COLLECTING": THE REV. C. A. JOHNS SCALING THE CLIFFS AT GUE GRAZE, ON THE SOUTH COAST OF CORNWALL.

"Still I was not safe—I was now balanced on my hands and one knee on the edge of a cliff—one leg was still hanging over, idle—and my book, which I had not had the means of getting rid of, had slipped round in front, and inserted itself between my body and the rock."

entirely new species may turn up now and then. But the only orchids that are in demand to-day are the "super-duper" hybrids, and producing these is a laboratory job. They are raised in sealed and sterilised test-tubes rather as babies were raised in glass jars in Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World." No romantic adventure there.

But apart from the famous plant adventurers of fairly recent times, such as Douglas, Purdom, Forrest and Kingdon Ward, every good gardener and flower-lover is a plant-collector to a greater or less degree. It may only amount to buying a cyclamen or an azalea from the nearest florist's shop, a pictorial packet of flower seeds from your grocer or ironmonger, collecting a handful of acorns to raise as a miniature forest in a pan, swapping geranium cuttings with some

cottager from his front window, or spongebagging home a gentian or an edelweiss from a holiday in the Alps. It's all plantcollecting, and as such most useful and fascinating work.

fascinating work.

For over fifty years I have been a plantcollector in a mild sort of way, and in quite
a wide variety of places—the Alps and the
Andes, Patagonia, Tierra del Fuego, Spain,
the Pyrenees, Corsica, Majorca, California
and British Columbia; in the gardens of
friends, in nurseries all over the place, and
in English cottage gardens and cottage
windows. I am not sure that the cottage
gardens and window-sills have not been
the most rewarding.

the most rewarding.

With a certain amount of experience upon which to draw, and urged by a great

#### PLANT-COLLECTING.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

deal of enthusiasm, I will offer a few suggestions to such amateur plant-collectors as may aspire to slightly greater adventures than those offered by the usual range of coloured pictorial seed-packets. In the first place, let me emphasize the fact that all good gardeners are extremely generous, and are only too happy to give to their friends seeds, cuttings, "Irishman's cuttings," and surplus roots. One need only ask. Giving such things, and receiving them, are among the pleasantest phases of gardening. "Pinching" them is among the most mean and sordid. A few years ago I visited, with friends, one of the famous and most generous gardens in all England. When we had left, my friends began comparing notes as to the cuttings and seedheads that each had snatched in passing. It reminded me of the old story of the little girl coming away from her first visit to church. "Mummy, what did you get out of the plate? I only got sixpence."

For many years now I have always kept a number of seed envelopes in my wallet. Any day and at any moment one may be offered a pinch or a head of some choice seeds, and experience has taught me that proper seed envelopes are far safer and more convenient containers than stray letters and Treasury notes. For the reception of cuttings—"Irishman's cuttings," small plants and seedlings—a bed of silver sand in a closed cold frame is invaluable.

small plants and seedlings—a bed of silver sand in a closed cold frame is invaluable. One can put them straight in on getting home, and leave them there until rooted or re-established. Such a silver-sand bed is essential for re-establishing plants collected abroad—in the Alps, shall I say. With almost all collected Alpine plants I shake all soil from the roots, wrap in a little slightly moist (not wet) moss, then wrap firmly with paper, leaving the leaves and the crowns of the plants exposed. In this way they are, in effect, planted in moist moss instead of soil, in wrappings of paper in place of pots. On arrival home, unwrap the plants and plant in the sand-bed. Keep them shaded and lightly watered until they begin to show signs of taking interest in their new surroundings.

their new surroundings.

When collecting in the Alps don't make all-day expeditions into high places clad as though for squash or mixed hockey. You may start out in blistering heat, but you may quite likely run into bitter sleet or snow before you get back to your hotel, and there is always the risk of your return being uncomfortably delayed by a sprained ankle, by missing your way, or by being cut off by fog or cloud. The professional Alpine guides and the experienced climbers know best how to

experienced climbers know best how to dress. Another thing: for all-day outings the Alpine hotels provide very generous picnic lunches. Never discard the unconsumed surplus until you are within sight and easy reach of your hotel. Never.

Above all, go suitably shod. Stout boots or shoes—boots are best—of proved comfort, and with well-

Above all, go suitably shod. Stout boots or shoes—boots are best—of proved comfort, and with well-nailed soles. Plain leather soles soon take on a glassy polish when one is walking on short, dry turf, and a slip on a steep, grassy slope may lead to real danger. I remember once getting into difficulties by foolishly going for an evening stroll in the Alps in un-nailed shoes. I did not set out with the intention of collecting plants, but something led me on to a really steep, grassy slope on which I soon found that the soles of my shoes gave me no safe foot-hold. Fortunately, I had a slight rush of brains to the head.

I took off my shoes and socks and then put the shoes on again, with the socks over them. That gave me safe foot-hold and saw me on to safer ground. I seem to remember having



said all these things before. But I say them again, hoping that they may perhaps be of use to someone going to the Alps for the first time.

In an amusing and delightful little old book, "A Week at the Lizard," by the Rev. C. A. Johns,

In an amusing and delightful little old book, "A Week at the Lizard," by the Rev. C. A. Johns, 1848, there is a blood-curdling account of an adventure on the Cornish cliffs: a classic example of how not to go plant-collecting. It happened in August 1831, when the reverend gentleman was residing at Helston. He set out to walk the eleven miles to Kynance Cove to see certain plants, including the wild asparagus. His equipment consisted of a walkingstick, a folio book for drying specimens in, a packet



THE TREE-MALLOW, LAVATERA ARBOREA.

"I [the Rev. C. A. fohns] soon climbed to the summit in search of asparagus, but failed, for the simple reason that it does not grow there. I was, however, well pleased to discover the tree-mallow, which I had never before seen growing wild."

Illustrations reproduced from the engravings in "A Week at the Lizard," by the Rev. C. A. Johns, 1848.

of sandwiches and a small flask of brandy. Excellent. Unfortunately, he missed Kynance and began to explore a cove, Gue Graze, and a high, isolated rock which he mistook for the home of the asparagus. Eventually he found himself cut off by the tide, with the choice of either scaling the cliff or waiting on the tide for ten or eleven hours—and it seemed to be on the point of raining. "I had nothing to do but sit still and wait—a task which I tried very hard to perform; and took from my pocket Johnson's 'Rasselas' in the hope of whiling away the time. I soon found that the 'History of a search after happiness' was little suited to the frame of mind to which I was then subjected, and quickly shut my book."

Eventually he attempted to scale the cliff, got into difficulties, found himself unable to retreat, and

had no alternative but to go on. The account of that climb is too long to quote. I must leave it to the engraving to illustrate what the old botanist appears to have gone through. Clad in frock-coat, top-hat, natty check trousers and, if I mistake not, elastic-sided boots, almost for a certainty without a nail in their soles. But what a tough old fellow! Eleven miles there and eleven miles back, with that terrifying scramble thrown in! You should buy a copy of "A Week at the Lizard," and read his account. Even to this day you might have a worse guide to the natural history of the district. And why not, at the same time, buy a copy of Johnson's "Rasselas"—just in case?

#### AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

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A MUDHIF NEAR HAMMAR: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN MAY DURING THE SEASONAL FLOODS, SINCE THIS BUILDING LIES OUTSIDE THE AREA OF PERMANENT MARSH. SUCH BUILDINGS ARE USED BY SHEIKHS OF THE AGRICULTURAL TRIBES OUTSIDE THE MARSHES TO ENTERTAIN THEIR GUESTS AND TO MEET THEIR TRIBESMEN.

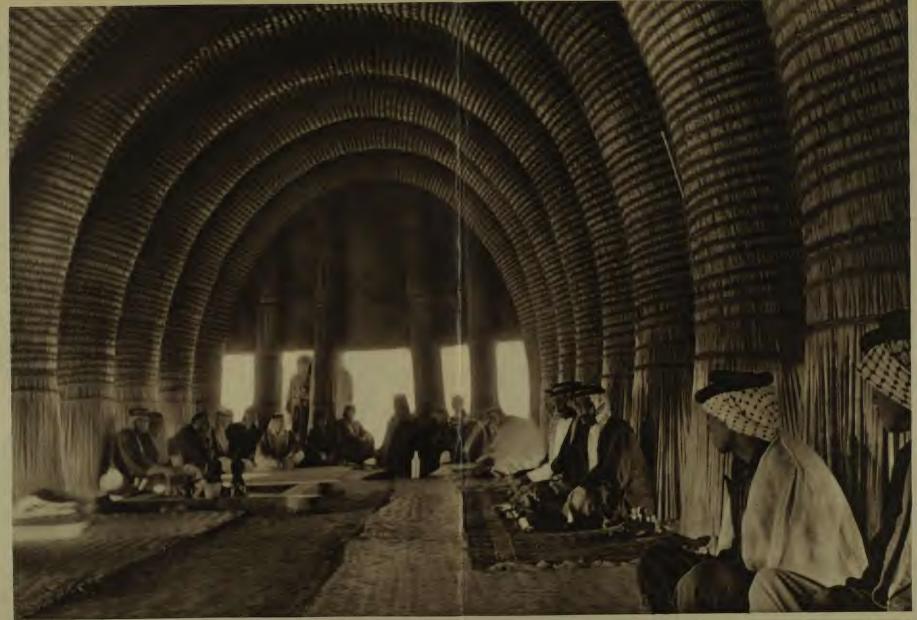


BUILDING A MUDHIF, OR GUEST-HOUSE. EACH RIB IS MADE BY SETTING TWO LONG, TIGHTLY-BOUND BUNDLES OF REEDS INTO THE GROUND OPPOSITE EACH OTHER, THE WIDTH OF THE HOUSE APART AND INCLINED OUTWARDS. THE TOPS OF THE BUNDLES ARE THEN PULLED INWARDS AND SPLICED INTO EACH OTHER, TO FORM A HORSESHOE ARCH.

#### BARREL-VAULTED GUEST-HALLS OF THE MESOPOTAMIAN MARSHES: MUDHIFS OF IRAQ, ESTABLISHED AND IN CONSTRUCTION.

On pages 318-319 we show a large photograph of the interior of one of the larger mudhifs, or guest-halls, of the Marshmen of Southern Iraq. This and the two above, showing the exterior and method of construction, were taken by Mr. Wilfrid Thesiger, D.S.O., who writes: "Such mudhifs are used—as places in which to entertain their guests and meet their own tribesmen—by the Arab sheikhs of the agricultural tribes in Southern Iraq, outside the marshes. The Marshmen themselves

are unable to build such elaborate structures, which are expensive to build, and, anyway, there are few places in the marshes where there is sufficient permanent dry ground on which to build them. Such mudhifs, however, trace their origin to the humble dwellings of the Marshmen..." The entrance always faces Mecca, the floor is covered with mats of reeds, and, on these, carpets are laid as needed, and the sole furniture is a large, porous water-jug supported on a wooden frame.



A "GUILDHALL OF REEDS": THE BARREL VAULTS OF A COMMUNITY GUEST-HOUSE, OR MUDHIF, OF THE MARSH ARABS OF SOUTHERN IRAQ, BUILT ENTIRELY OF REED BUNDLES AND MATTING.

The Ma'dan, or Marshmen of Southern Iraq, who inhabit the permanent and seasonal marshes which occupy nearly 6000 square miles around the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates, are a little-know people with a probably unjustified bad reputation. On this and other pages of this issue we exproduce a number of hotographs. Of them, their homes and their lits, taken by Mr. Wilfred Thesiger, D.S.O. Mr. Thesiger first valied the Maddan in Vision of the Company of the Mr. Southern Company of the Company o

in their villages and entirely dependent upon them for food, shelter and transport. During this time he was able to disarm their suspicious and came to know them intimately. The descriptions and the commentary which accompany the photographs are all based on Mr. Thesigne's notes and writings. The Ma dan probably include the oldest ratall groups of Mesopotamia, and it is not difficult to see in their buildings traditions which may well deseend from Ancient Sumeris. Often enough an architectural form is said to detry from the read but; and it is not

always easy to acopt, but in the muthifs of the Ma'dan—of which we show a striking example above, it is immediately apparent how the barrel vault and the Romanesque arch have developed from the reed but. Elsewhere we show a muthif in course of construction. It is built entirely from glant reeds (Phragmitss communis), while grow to a height of nearly 20 ft. Each arch constituted to bound sets of reeds planted in the ground and spliced together at the top to bound a horseshoe arch; and each mathiff consists of an uneven humber of arches—

7.9, 11, 13, 15, or occasionally 17—the arches are then linked by transverse bundles of reeds (about 6 ins. in diameter), and then mats are sewn on to this framework with sufficient overlay to ensure a treble or quadruple blickness of matting. Four thick tapering pillars of reeds support the two end walls, which consist of alternating matting and trellisework. The inside of the match conveys the impression of great space, so that one has the curious feeling of being inside a cathedral, and this feeling is chanced by the heavy tholed vaulting and the telliseovered windows.

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A BOY OF THE KAULIBA, A NOMADIC TRIBE OF THE NORTH-WESTERN MARSHES, BESIDE THE TIGRIS NOT FAR FROM AMARA. THE KAULIBA OWN GREAT HERDS OF BUFFALOES.



A TYPICAL MARSHMAN, ONE OF THE FARTUS TRIBE, PADDLING A CANOE. HE IS WEARING THE USUAL MARSHMAN'S DRESS, A DISHDASHA, OR LONG ARAB SHIRT.



A YOUNG SAYID, OR DESCENDANT OF THE PROPHET, WEARING THE SPECIAL GREEN AND BLACK HEAD-CLOTH. PROBABLY 5 PER CENT. OF THE MARSHMEN CLAIM TO BE SAYIDS.



CANOES AT AGGAR AL KABIR, A VILLAGE BUILT ON A SMALL ISLAND, THE SITE OF AN ANCIENT VILLAGE. CANOES ARE INDISPENSABLE TO THE MA'DAN AND ARE WORTH ABOUT £10 EACH.



THE MUDHIF, OR COMMUNITY GUEST-HOUSE, AT SAIGAL, IN THE CENTRAL MARSHES. THIS BUILDING, CONSISTING OF ELEVEN ARCHES, IS 60 FT. LONG, 20 FT. WIDE AND 18 FT. HIGH. NOTE THE TRELLIS WINDOWS.



(ABOVE.) A tarada, THE FORMER WAR CANOE OF THE MARSHES, NOW USED BY SHEIKHS ON THEIR TRAVELS; AND, SUCH IS THE CONSERVATISM OF THE EAST, OF THE SAME DESIGN AS THE SILVER MODEL BOAT (LEFT) OF ABOUT 5000 YEARS AGO, FOUND IN THE ROYAL TOMBS OF UR.

(Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum.)



THE INSIDE OF A TARADA, TO SHOW THE FLOOR-BOARDS AND THE PLANKING OF THE RIBS, WHICH IS DECORATED WITH ROWS OF LARGE FLAT-HEADED IRON NAILS. THE CANOES ARE CARVEL-BUILT.

#### THE MARSHMEN OF SOUTHERN IRAQ; AND THEIR BOATS-UNCHANGED SINCE THE DAYS OF ANCIENT UR, 5000 YEARS AGO.

On this page we reproduce some more photographs by Mr. Wilfrid Thesiger, D.S.O., illustrating, in particular, the Ma'dan, or Marshmen, themselves and their boats. Their canoes are quite indispensable and without them they would be immobile, not only unable to gather fodder for their buffaloes or to catch fish for themselves, but frequently unable to move from one end of the village to the other. The Ma'dan, although Arab in culture, language and religion, are in many cases descended from races who were in these parts long before the Arab invasion; and, indeed, the design of their boats, as the silver model from the Royal tombs of Ur

illustrates, derives from types of Sumerian antiquity at least 5000 years old. The principal types used are made of planks, carvel-built and coated outside with bitumen, which the buffaloes have to be prevented from eating. They are sometimes paddled, but preferably punted; and are of four principal kinds: small, shallow canoes called mataur, for wild-fowling; taradas for rapid, comfortable travel; the broad, roomy barkash for carrying fodder; and double-ended balams, which are quite distinct and are sometimes sailed. There is no wood in the marshes and the boats are made of imported wood, usually by Sabaean boat-builders.



A TYPICAL MARSH DWELLING, MADE OF BUNDLES OF REEDS AND MATTING AND SET ON STACKS OF RUSHES, WHICH FORM A SODDEN PLATFORM LIKE A GIANT DABCHICK'S NEST.

THE BUFFALOES SPEND THE NIGHT ON THE OPEN SPACE IN FRONT OF THE DWELLING.



A MARSH VILLAGE IN THE CENTRAL MARSHES OF SOUTHERN IRAQ, INHABITED BY THE FARTUS TRIBE, ONE OF THE MOST DISTINCTIVE OF THE MARSH TRIBES. ON THE LEFT OF THE PHOTOGRAPH IS A SHEIKH'S MUDHIF OR GUEST-HOUSE. THE PREDOMINANT VEGETATION IN THE PERMANENT MARSHES IS THE GIANT REED.

#### HUTS ON "DABCHICK'S NESTS" AND MARSH VILLAGES: HOW THE MA'DAN OF SOUTHERN IRAQ LIVE.

Mr. Wilfrid Thesiger, D.S.O., who took the photographs on this page, describes the houses of the type shown in the upper photograph as "built on stacks of rushes, packed behind a low reed fence to form a sodden platform resembling a glant dabchick's nest. The water around such a house varies from 1 ft. to 5 ft. in depth. The buffaloes spend the night on the open space in "front of the dwelling. The marshmen are dependent on their buffaloes for milk, cream, butter and in some

cases cheese." Some of the Ma'dan, however, are settled in villages, and many cultivate rice, which ties them to the village from May to November. Other villagers tend buffaloes, fish and make reed mats. Others migrate seasonally, some evacuating their villages in the marshes during the floods and moving to islands in flooded areas outside the real marshes, others remaining in their villages while the floods are out and then, in autumn, moving deeper into the marshes with their buffaloes.

#### LIGHT ON HOLLAND OF THE DARK AGES: A FRANKISH CEMETERY AT RHENEN.

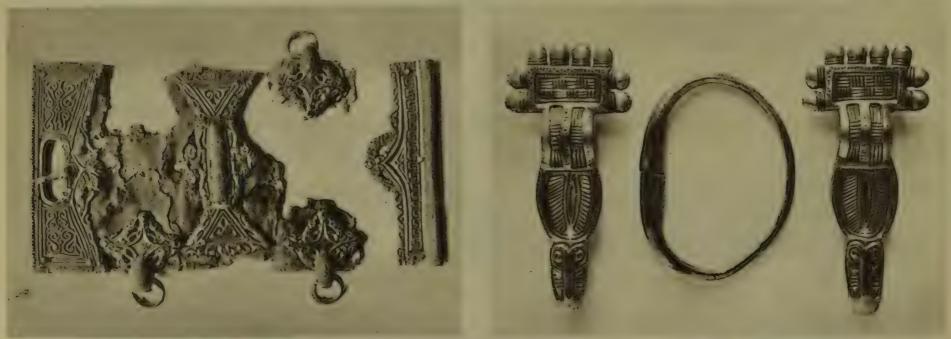


FIG. 1. THE MOUNTINGS OF A LATE ROMAN BELT, FIG. 1. THE MOUNTINGS OF A LATE ROMAN BELT,
ABOUT 5 INS. WIDE, OF THE LATE FOURTH CENTURY A.D., DECORATED IN A CHIP-CARVING TECHNIQUE. THE RINGS ARE MUCH WORN THROUGH
LONG USE.

The remarkable and often beautiful objects reproduced on these two pages were discovered in excavations of a cemetery of mainly Merovingian date at Rhenen, on the Rhine, between Utrecht and Nijmegen. Concerning them Dr. A. Vollgraff Roes writes:

vingian date at Rhenen, on the Rhine, between Utrecht and Nijmegen. Concerning them Dr. A. Vollgraff Roes writes:

THE Netherlands State Service for Archæological Investigation (Director, Dr. P. Glazema) excavated during 1951 a Frankish cemetery of particular interest on the high bank of the Rhine near the little town of Rhenen. The cemetery was of unusual size, comprising more than 900 graves, the majority of which belonged to the sixth century A.D. Many of the graves were richly furnished. As the soil did not favour the preservation of bone or wood, all that remained of the dead and their coffins was a series of black patches in the earth. In these thin layers of darkened soil the remains of the grave-goods were found. Free men were buried with their weapons. The spears and shields were evidently placed on the wooden coffin, for the spear-heads were often found extending beyond the dark earth which represented the caskets. The other weapons—swords, axes, daggers and arrows—were put on or near the corpse. Often included among the grave-goods was a glass drinking-cup. This could take the form of a lobed beaker, a type well known from the Rhineland as well as from the southern part of England, whither it was exported. The specimen represented in Fig. 8 is the first of its kind to be found in Holland. People have often wondered how these complicated and fragile vessels were made and various theories have been brought forward. At one time the chief authority on the subject contended that the "elephants' snouts" were fixed in holes cut out in the wall of the cup! Careful observation and some experimenting, however, have shown that the result was obtained in quite a different way. The glassblower first finished the bottom half of the cup, thread decoration included. While the vessel was still attached to the blow-tube, he dropped a piece of hot glass on the wall and blew again. The rest of the glass was at that moment no longer hot enough to expand, but the piece of hot metal was blown into a hollow knob, the end of



FIG. 3. A SMALL WOODEN EWER, PARTLY RECONSTRUCTED; THE HANDLE AND UPPER MOUNTINGS ARE OF BRONZE; BUT THE THREE LOWER HOOPS ARE OF IRON.

FIG. 2. FROM THE MEROVINGIAN (SIXTH CENTURY)
PART OF THE CEMETERY AT RHENEN. TWO
FIBULÆ, OR BROOCHES, WITH CHARACTERISTIC
DECORATION; AND A SILVER BRACELET.

PART OF THE EMEROVINGIAN (SIXTH CENTRO)

PROULE, OR BROOCHES, WITH CHARACTERISTIC DECORATION; AND A SILVER BRACELET.

Continued.]

elaborate beakers. Ordinary people used glasses of a simpler type, which, as a rule, either have a very small foot or none at all. The idea must have been that one emptied one's glass at a single draught. The commonest shape of Frankish wineglass was the small tumbler shown in Fig. 9; beside it is placed a rather unusual pottery imitation of the same glass, found in one of the poorer graves. Some of the warriors were accompanied by their horses, for which separate graves had been dug beside that of their masters. The brooch of Fig. 11 gives an idea of the small, big-headed breed of these animals. Frankish women were extremely fond of finery. Beads of various description were worn round their necks and arms (Fig. 5). Big glass beads found separately (Fig. 6) are generally explained as spindle whorls. Fig. 7 shows a big piece of rock crystal, four irregular pieces of amber and an olive-green bead decorated in white which evidently formed a bracelet. Although amber was much used at the time, most beads are of glass or glass paste, and it seems that a special-value was placed on the greatest possible variety in the beads composing a necklace. They were probably imported from the Orient, unless we are to suppose that Oriental manufacturers had settled in the west of Europe. This is by no means impossible: we know, for instance, that Syrian merchants plied their trade in France in the early Middle Ages. The beads and the glasswork undoubtedly represent the continuation of an industry already flourishing in late Roman times. This is not true, however, of the brooches and other jewellery of the Franks (Figs. 2, 4, 10, 13). The Goths, when they penetrated as far as southern Russia, made the acquaintance of an animal style and the steppes, and had absorbed these elements in their own artistic traditions. When towards the end of the fourth century the Great Migration drove them westward, they



FIG. 4. THREE FRANKISH BROOCHES IN BRONZE AND SILVER, ALL BASED ON BIRD MOTIFS, THE CENTRE ONE BEING FOUR BIRD HEADS, STYLISED.



FIG. 5. MULTI-COLOURED BEADS FROM A FRANKISH WOMAN'S GRAVE. THE GLASS BEADS APPEAR TO BE OF ORIENTAL ORIGIN.



FIG. 6. TWO LARGE GLASS BEADS OF BOTTLE-GREEN WITH WHITE ORNAMENT. SUCH LARGE BEADS, FOUND SINGLY, ARE ASSUMED TO HAVE BEEN USED AS SPINDLE WHORLS.

# FINE GLASS AND JEWELLERY OF THE MEROVINGIAN FRANKS.



FIG. 7. A BRACELET FROM A FRANKISH GRAVE, CONSISTING OF FOUR PIECES OF AMBER, ONE OF ROCK CRYSTAL AND A BEAD OF COLOURED GLASS. SEE ALSO FIG. 5.



FIG. 10. ROUND BROOCHES SET WITH FLAT GARNETS. (LEFT) THE CHEQUERED GOLD FOIL SHOWS THROUGH THE GEM. (RIGHT) IN THE CENTRE THE THREE BIRDS HAVE GREEN PASTE EYES.



PIG. 12. THE INTERIOR OF A GLASS BOWL FOUND IN THE RHENEN GRAVES, WITH AN UNUSUAL DESIGN IN GREEN AND WHITE WHORLS AT THE BASE OF THE BOWL.

# Continued from previous page.] the jeweller put a piece of gold foil decorated with a chequered pattern, so that the gold shines through the garnet. In Fig. 10 the shimmer of this chequered background is clearly visible through the red stone. Garnets were probably imported from India, where they had been used since prehistoric times for the same kind of cellwork. One of the most popular motifs of the art of the steppes which we meet in Frankish jewellery was the eagle or falcon (Fig. 4). The bird is generally made to form a brooch or a hairpin; its head is often repeated radially around a central focus. Such whirl patterns are also an inheritance from the steppes. An unusual variant is Fig. 10 (right), where the heads do not go out from the centre but converge inward from the border. An outstanding find was



FIG. 8. A REMARKABLE LOBED GLASS BEAKER, THE FIRST OF ITS KIND TO BE FOUND IN HOLLAND, IN THE TEXT THE PROBABLE METHOD



FIG. 13. THE HEAD OF A BEAU-TIFUL AND ELABORATE HAIRPIN IN SILVER GILT. THE DESIGN WAS EVIDENTLY POPULAR, SINCE AN IMITATION IN BRONZE WAS ALSO FOUND.

# OUTSTANDING SIXTH-CENTURY FINDS IN A DUTCH CEMETERY.



FIG. 9. (LEFT.) A FRANKISH GLASS TUMBLER WITH ROUNDED FOOT—TO BE DRAINED AT A DRAUGHT; AND (RIGHT) A HUMBLER IMITATION OF THE SAME DESIGN IN POTTERY.



FIG. 11. A SMALL SILVER BROOCH IN THE FORM OF A HORSE, WHICH, IT IS THOUGHT, THROWS LIGHT ON THE LARGE-HEADED, SMALL-BODIED HORSES USED BY THE FRANKS OF THE SIXTH CENTURY IN THESE PARTS.



FIG. 14. A SMALL AND SIMPLE GLASS BOWL FROM THE MEROVINGIAN CEMETERY AT RHENEN, ITS SIDES BEING LIGHTLY BUT BEAUTIFULLY FLUTED. COMPARE FIG. 12.

the silver-gilt hairpin of which Fig. 13 shows the head. A bronze imitation of such a pin was found in another grave. A small area, separated from the rest of the cemetery, was much earlier, being dated to the fourth century by a gold coin of the Roman Emperor Gratianus (367–383 A.D.). One of the principal finds from these early graves was the bronze mountings of a very broad leather belt (Fig. 1), decorated in the chip-carving technique of that time. The style of the animals along the rims of the different pieces is still obviously inspired by Roman art. From the fact that the rings attached to the mounts have worn very thin in places, we can infer that the belt must have been in use for a considerable time before being buried with its owner.

of St. Anthony" Bosch makes the Saint's customary



Let it suffice that the best of the plates are extremely good and the less successful only two or three degrees below standard. A foreword is contributed by Señor Cantón, Sub-Director of the Prado

Museum since 1922, and a history

of the Museum and a series of very lively and informative notes on each picture are from the pen of Mr. Wehle, formerly Curator of Paintings at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

It is altogether a very hand-

some affair, as things go nowadays not over-dear at a fiver, and nicely calculated, if you have leisure and a few more fivers to spare, to send

you off by the next aircraft to Madrid, there to make a closer acquaintance with the originals,

which are, as all the world knows, of exceptional importance and interest, though their range, by

comparison with our own National

El Grecos and seven by that extraordinary painter of lively fantasies, Hieronymus Bosch, who seems to have exercised a peculiar fascination over the sombre Philip II. The latter might have ended his life as a normal being if he had continued as he began—that is, by acquiring two very beautiful Titians, marvellously nude and sumptuous. Altogether, he bought twenty-two paintings from the great Venetian, and—if we can take as literally true a letter from Titian of 1576—never paid for any ordered since the death of the Emperor Charles V. None the less, however unlovable a character—and it is difficult for most of us to sympathise with his singularly

most of us to sympathise with his singularly

most of us to sympathise with his singularly lugubrious brand of piety—he was a considerable connoisseur, with an independent judgment, and it is thanks to him that, among so much besides, the Prado contains four landscapes by one of the fathers of European landscape, the Flemish Joachim

As for Bosch, an entrancing colourist and much more than a bizarre genius, Philip seems to have owned possibly as many as

seems to have owned possibly as many as thirty-six, including the one generally held to be his masterpiece, the Epiphany triptych, which the King confiscated from a rebellious burgher of the Netherlands. It is amusing to note that his Catholic Majesty's pleasure in these strangely haunting and entertaining extravaganzas worried some of his subjects

lest they should incur the displeasure of

the Inquisition—a very real danger—and one of them was at pains to develop an elaborate thesis to prove how true to nature they were and how orthodox. Their interpretation is possibly beyond the wit of modern man because it is difficult for him

El Grecos and seven by that extraordinary

#### FOR COLLECTORS. PAGE THE PRADO PICTURES.\*

By FRANK DAVIS.

companion, a pig, light instead of the usual black, "probably intending to convey more strongly than any previous artist the idea that the good hermit had cleansed its porcine nature of all sensuality." had cleansed its porcine nature of all sensuality."
But the most extraordinary of all his paintings is surely "The Garden of Delights"—a triptych reproduced in considerable detail and containing probably HERE is a large volume, "Art Treasures of the Prado," published in America, with 167 reproductions, 81 of them in colour, from the collection of the Kings of Spain. The colour work leaves something a thousand charming figures of naked human beings and of extraordinary creatures, all in a most lovely verdant landscape. This very cheerful fantasy is to be desired, as colour work nearly always does—but then, I 'm always demanding 100 per cent. perfection, which is rarely to be obtained.

"THE PARASOL"; BY FRANCISCO GOYA Y LUCIENTES (1746-1828) PAINTED IN 1777.

(Oil on canvas; 41 by 59; ins.)

This painting is one of two designs for tapestries destined for overdoors in the dining-room of the Prince of the Asturias in the Palace of el Prado. The companion represents a youth pouring wine down his throat from a bottle held aloft in Spanish style.

Illustrations by courtesy of the publishers of "Art Treasures of the Prado." Gallery, is somewhat limited. The paintings by Velasquez—about fifty—and the Goyas—114, plus 480 drawings—are incomparable. Then there are thirty-six Titians and I forget how many by Rubens, thirty-two



"THE COLOSSUS"; BY FRANCISCO GOYA Y LUCIENTES (1746-1828). PAINTED c. 1820. (Oil on canvas; 45% by 41% ins.)

"Coya also made a fearful and wonderful aquatint known as 'The Colossus' in which the great creature sits brooding in a vast, empty landscape with no human object to compare with him for scale. Yet his vastness is at once apparent."

to think with the mind of so curious an individual as Bosch; a mind cluttered up with theories of diabolism and what not, and fond of allegory in the smallest detail. For example, in "The Temptation

e"Art Treasures of the Prado Museum." Text by Harry B. Wehle, formerly Curator of Paintings, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, with a Foreword by F. J. Sánchez Cantón, Sub-Director, The Prado Museum. 167 Reproductions; 81 pages in Full Colour. (English distributors; Thames and Hudson; £5.)

considered by modern criticism to have been painted for some nudist cult of about 1500; there were appar-ently several such heretical societies in existence at the time, so it is perhaps not surprising that excuses had to be made for it a century-and-a-half later; it could scarcely have been commissioned by the

orthodox churchgoer.

Even his more nightmarish horrors are just too absurd to wring our withers; Goya, 300 years later, is far more terrifying in his "Witches' Sabbath"—

and not less gay in the majority of the paintings by him in this selection, which includes the very charming, serene and romantic "Milkmaid," painted at Bordeaux during the last years of his life (he died in 1828).

I find that most people when they visit any gallery enjoy playing a game—and if you have a companion with you, so much the better. If you were a dictator in a Brave New World and could choose as you wished, which six would you confiscate from the Prado, as Philip II. confiscated the Bosch from the poor, obstinate burgher? I am not

sure you would not, as a start, follow this monarch's example and carry off this same triptych, if only for the extraordinarily tender dignity of the Three Magi (particularly that of the Negro, with the pearl in his ear and the white robes and his small attendant) and for the beauty of the landscape, with St. Joseph in a courtyard drying nappies in front of a fire. You would surely have to take one of the Titians, and you would be hard put to decide which of the Velasquez, who, incidentally, bought many of the Italian pictures for Philip IV. My Italian pictures for Philip IV. My choice would, I think, lie between one very great and one less important painting by him, the huge canvas known as "The Spinners," or "The Fable of Arachne," which many regard as the artist's greatest achievement, and the small "Garden at the Villa Medici, Rome," painted about 1650, which anticipates in the most extraordinary manner similar views by Hubert Robert and Fragonard in the eighteenth century and by Corot—the young Corot—early in the nineteenth. In "The Spinners" Velasquez shows five women spinning in the fore-

"The Spinners" Velasquez shows five women spinning in the fore-ground—the most beautiful drawing and shading—and, in a brightly-lit background, Minerva, Arachne and the three women from Lydia who, in the story from Ovid, came to witness the contest in weaving between the goddess and the mortal woman. Arachne wove tapestries illustrating the follies of Jove, the story of Europa and the Bull in this case; and Minerva tied a rope round her neck and cried "Live, guilty round her neck and cried "Live, guilty woman, but hang and continue to hang and spin through all future time"; and so Arachne became a spider. All of which proves that the goddess of wisdom lacked any notion of sportsmanship and had doubtless been spoiled by her parents. The tapestry in the picture is actually a copy of Tition's in the picture is actually a copy of Titian's
"The Rape of Europa" which was, in
Velasquez's day, still in Spain, and is now in
the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, Boston.
You must presumably take an El Greco

and a Goya; the former was no favourite of Philip II., and not a single picture by him in the Prado came from that monarch's him in the Prado came from that monarch's collection, though he did order two which are still in the Escorial. You might be tempted, in the case of Goya, to seize the enormous canvas of "The Family of Charles IV.", painted about 1800, to remind you with what blistering contempt a great painter can regard his employers; then you will remember that you are a dictator and that someone with courage and genius may that someone with courage and genius may one day see you just as Goya saw the King and his Queen. "The Witches' Sabbath" may bore you, marvellous painting though it is, so you will possibly decide upon something like "The Parasol" or one of the many designs for tapestries or—better still—I would suggest, his brilliant self-portrait.

By this time you realise that you have not yet chosen a Rubens, nor a Patinir, nor any other Flemish picture, nor a French, of which there are very few, nor an early Spanish—there is a magnificent St. Michael of about 1475, for example; and you will finally give up your game, deciding that so much richness had better remain where it is. You will also, I suggest, go away with a marked respect for the Kings and Queens of Spain since the fifteenth century who, whatever their personal and political failings, have been consistently such enlightened patrons of fine painters.

#### WHAT HAPPENS TO A CAR HITTING A WALL AT FIFTY MILES PER HOUR?



AT THE START OF ITS 70-FT. DROP: A 1934 BUICK, GUIDED BY A WIRE ROPE, PLUNGING TO EARTH IN A ROAD SAFETY DEMONSTRATION AT COPENHAGEN.



SHOWING WHAT HAPPENS TO A CAR CRASHING HEAD FIRST AT A SPEED OF 50 M.P.H.:
THE BUICK HITTING A CONCRETE SLAB AFTER ITS 70-FT. DROP.



THE RESULT OF THE "ROAD SMASH": THE WRECKED BUICK, WHOSE ENGINE WAS PUSHED BACK INTO THE FRONT SEATS. TWO DUMMIES INSIDE WERE PRONOUNCED "DEAD."

To see a car being dropped 70 ft. from a crane, nose first, on to a concrete slab is, to say the least, a unique and thrilling spectacle. But to see the result after impact—the twisted remains, everything smashed to smithereens—and then to be told that this is what could happen to a car crashing head-on into a wall at 50 m.p.h., comes as a very unpleasant shock. No doubt the 5000

motorists who watched this road safety demonstration at Copenhagen recently resolved never to drive recklessly in the future. The engine of the car used, a 1934 Buick, was pushed back into the front seats, the front axle and drive shaft were crumpled as though made of putty; and two dummy motorists inside were, needless to say, pronounced "dead."



#### THE SCIENCE.



#### RETURN TO CAMOUFLAGE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

TT was hardly to be expected that my comments A a few weeks ago on the so-called camouflage effect of the zebra's stripes should have passed unchallenged. Indeed, it would be disappointing if they had. Miss Alice Finney, of Dublin, agrees that a lion may hunt mainly by scent, and that the camouflage of the zebra's stripes may be useless when the lion is close to its quarry and ready for the final spring. Yet she suggests that at a distance, and especially at dusk, stripes and blotches may produce odd effects. Rightly

the height of the wall and his distance from it. Presumably satisfied, he ran at the wall, jumped, landed his fore-paws on the top of it, brought up his hind-feet and was gone. There was here, to all appearances, a careful weighing-up of distances; and presumably, if the wall had been white with a pattern of black vertical stripes, the hound would most likely



AS THEY APPEAR IN THEIR NATURAL HABITAT: A GROUP OF GIRAFFES SEEN IN A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH DOES NOTHING TO SUGGEST A CAMOUFLAGE IN THE ANIMALS' RETICULATED PATTERN.

The great size of the giraffe may tend to make it conspicuous, but if it can be readily seen it also stands a fair chance of being able to detect tapproach of an enemy when it is still some distance away. Added to this, it can escape at fair speed and, if forced to defend itself, can use heavy hoofs with a fair agility to strike powerful blows. If, then, its reticulated pattern has a value in aiding concealment, it must be in verspecial circumstances that this value is evident. On the face of it, there seems to be little need for any special camouflage, nor does the colour pattern of its coat seem to offer more protection than is enjoyed by large animals with a uniform colour. Photographs reproduced by courtesy of l'Institut des Parcs Nationaux du Congo-Belge,

she recalls the effective use of the broken line and the disruptive pattern in the wartime camouflaging of ships and prominent landmarks. She also tells of a cocker spaniel she once possessed which had "rather odd markings (black and white); he was very distinctive in daylight, but at dusk and in moonlight he seemed to take on a different shape, and at a little distance it was hard to say which way he was going." Miss Finney further recalled that she had noticed this same thing in camouflaged ships, and continues, . there is a small mountain near Dublin from which, on a clear day, one can see the Mountains of Mourne and the Welsh Mountains, but in a glare on the water, or if at all misty, I have watched the mailboat come in to Dun Laoghaire harbour, and at times it was impossible to say, by the eye, which way she was going, although one knew perfectly well where she was making for." making for.

On the whole, my correspondent finds herself in agreement with Cott, and suggests that a herd of zebras, in half-light and at a distance, even when moving, might tend to melt into the landscape, enough, anyway, to handicap pursuit. This reference is to the suggestion by Dr. Hugh Cott, which I had quoted, that the pattern of vertical dark stripes on a light ground could give the illusion of greater size, and so cause a lion to miss its mark. Cott has other supporters, for in Sparrman's "Voyage to the Cape of Good Hope" (1786) the author tells of a belief among the Hottentots, that if a lion should chance to miss, "he will not follow his prey any further; but, as though he were ashamed, turning round towards the place where he lay in ambush, slowly, and step by step, measures the exact length between the two points, in order to find how much too short, or how much beyond the mark, he had taken his leap." If there is any truth at all in this Hottentot belief, then a new factor is surely introduced. Recalling Miss Finney's account of the pattern in her black-and-white cocker spaniel bewildering the eye at a crucial moment, and assuming that a lion is less skilled than one normally supposes in judging distance for its final spring, then Cott's suggestion begins to acquire a new significance. It means, however, that the zebra's stripes constitute not so much camouflage as a dazzle-effect.

Years ago I saw a foxhound jump a 7-st. wall behind which a bitch was sequestered. The preliminaries were deliberate. The hound looked up at the top of the wall and backed away from it purposively, paused to take stock, so it seemed, of

When all is said and done, however, it is still difficult to relate the zebra's pattern to survival. The zebra, before man intervened, was in such vast numbers that the few killed by carnivores could have affected little the total population. That is, however, a much wider question. Meanwhile, I had wondered how the arguments used in relation to the zebra might apply to the giraffe. And, again, my good friends at

is not a little aided by their colour, which is reddishwhite, marked with numerous large rusty squares." The writer had no personal experience of Africa, but was drawing upon the remarks of earlier authors. Yet, although the camelopardalis, as it was called originally, had been brought to Europe since the days of the Ancient Greeks, those who had actually seen it in the wild must have been comparatively few and far between, and the study of it in its natural haunts must have been desultory rather than close. The collection of photographs sent me from Brussels (two of which are reproduced here) do nothing to suggest a camouflage in the giraffe's pattern. There has been the occasional photograph taken on other occasions, however, and I can recall also a cinema-shot in which a giraffe standing in the middle of a clump of trees blended with the trees. The same could, however, equally well be said of many other animals having a coat of uniform colour.

Like everything else about the giraffe, its colourpattern is quite remarkable. Although there are a number of races, and while the pattern of the coat varies slightly from one race to the other, it is more uniform than is the pattern found in the various races or species of zebra. Moreover, the pattern undergoes little change from birth to death, the young giraffe having a well-marked reticulation from birth. So it would seem that it is a family trait, because of this constancy. On the other hand, the only living relative of the giraffe is the okapi, which shows no such reticulation; and of the remarkably few alleged relatives now extinct we know nothing but the bare

If we invoke the agency of natural selection to account for the giraffe's reticulated coat, then we must account for the giraffe's reticulated coat, then we must try to see what the selector has been. If we invoke natural enemies, it is reasonable to reply that any camouflage effects must be secondary. The giraffe can escape at a fair speed if necessary. On the tall watch-tower represented by its head it carries well-developed eyes, nostrils and ears—not an animal easily caught unawares, one would have thought. In active defence, the beast can deal hard, swift blows with heavy hoofs, sufficient to deter if not to vanquish the main enemy. sufficient to deter, if not to vanquish, the main enemy, the lion. Unfortunately, we are all theorists in this matter, more especially those, like myself, who have no experience of African wild life at home. It could be, of course, that the giraffe's colour-pattern could be better related to protection from a former enemy now extinct, or to a habitat long since disappeared. Or it could be that it relates to certain seasons or times



AN ANIMAL WHICH ENJOYS UNUSUAL ADVANTAGES IN THE STRUGGLE OF LIFE: THE GIRAFFE, WHICH IS EQUIPPED WITH WELL-DEVELOPED SENSES OF SMELL, SIGHT AND HEARING. THE HEIGHT OF ITS HEAD OVER THE SURROUNDING VEGETATION ACTS AS A NATURAL WATCH-TOWER.

l'Institut des Parcs Nationaux du Congo-Belge kindly

obliged with a range of photographs of this animal.

The earliest reference in English to the camouflaging effect of the giraffe's pattern I could find is for 1805: "In their native wilds their singular form gives them, at a distance, the appearance of decayed trees; and this

of the day, as during resting periods. On the available evidence, none of these seems likely. It is doubtful, however, having regard to the giraffe's conspicuous neck, whether under any conditions of light, an observer would be prevented from knowing whether the animal was coming or room. the animal was coming or going.

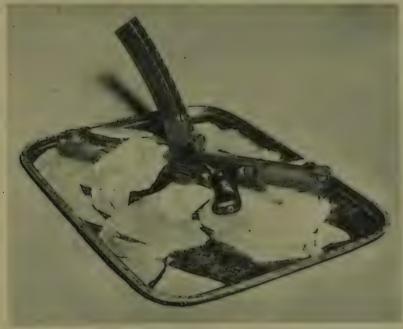
#### REPLACING THE STEN: THE BRITISH ARMY'S NEW STERLING SUB-MACHINE GUN.



(above.) The sten gun; and (below) the sterling sub-machine gun, which is replacing it. The sterling weighs 6 Lb. against the sten's  $7\frac{1}{2}$  Lb.



(ABOVE.) THE STERLING WITH THE BUTT FOLDED OVER. LIKE THIS, IT IS ONLY 19 INS. LONG. (BELOW) WITH THE BUTT EXTENDED AND WITH THE BAYONET FIXED.



AFTER THE "ALASKA TEST," IN WHICH IT IS FROZEN FOR SEVERAL HOURS. IMMEDIATELY AFTER BEING WITHDRAWN FROM THE REFRIGERATOR, IT CAN BE FIRED.



THE STERLING MOUNTED IN A SAND CHAMBER FOR THE TEST WHICH SIMULATES SANDSTORM CONDITIONS. IT CAN BE FIRED IMMEDIATELY AFTER REMOVAL.



AFTER THE MUD TEST: THE STERLING IS LIFTED FROM COMPLETE IMMERSION IN GLUTINOUS MUD AND CAN BE FIRED IMMEDIATELY. WITHOUT ANY CLEANING.



A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE SECTIONAL ARRANGEMENT OF THE STERLING SUB-MACHINE GUN, 9 MM., MK. III. IT IS OPERATED BY CASE PROJECTION OR BLOW-BACK OPERATION.



THE STERLING, SHOWN IN ITS SEPARATE PARTS AFTER ELEMENTARY STRIPPING, WITH (LEFT) THE MAGAZINE (WHICH HOLDS 34 ROUNDS) AND (RIGHT) THE BAYONET.



THE NORMAL FIRING POSITION OF THE STERLING. IT CAN ALSO BE FIRED FROM THE HIP; AND, IN EMERGENCY, WITH ONE HAND, WITH THE BUTT FOLDED.

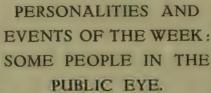
The Sterling Sub-machine Gun 9-mm., Mk. III., which has been adopted by the British Army as a supplementary weapon to the new Belgian F.N. rifle, was recently demonstrated by the designers and manufacturers, the Sterling Engineering Co., Ltd., Dagenham. This weapon weighs 6 lb. without the magazine and, it is claimed, is lighter, safer to the user and more reliable than any sub-machine gun previously manufactured. In automatic fire it has a rate of up to 575 rounds per minute and the magazine holds 34 rounds, operating on the double column feed principle and loaded by hand. It is accurate and lethal at 200 yards and lethal at greater ranges. As the photographs show, the butt can be folded under and the gun used, in emergency, pistol fashion, in one hand. The forward part, which

provides a grip for the left hand, is perforated to assist cooling and a guard is fitted near the front to prevent any possibility of the firer placing his finger too far forward. A most interesting feature is the self-cleaning breech block. This has four spiral ribs machined out of its sides. These ribs have sharp edges, and as the block moves backwards and forwards inside the casing they cut away any fouling, such as sand, dirt or mud, and gradually drive it out of a specially-designed slot below the barrel face. This ensures that the gun will function even under the worst active service conditions. The rear peep sight is readily adjustable from 100 yards to 200 yards setting by means of the flip lever. The balance of the weapon is such that it is remarkably steady during automatic firing.



THE ECUADOR AMBASSADOR PRESENTS CREDENTIALS:
DON JOSE MARTINEZ.

The new Ecuador Ambassador went with his wife, Senora Maria Martinez, to Buckingham Palace on February 10 to present his credentials to her Majesty the Queen. The Ambassador and his wife are seen above leaving the Embassy, in Chester Square. He was formerly an executive of U.N.E.S.C.O.





THE NEW RUSSIAN PRIME MINISTER:

THE NEW RUSSIAN PRIME MINISTER:
MARSHAL BULGANIN.
On the same day, February 8, that Mr. Malenkov, former Soviet Premier, announced his resignation, the Council of Ministers elected as his successor Marshal Bulganin, former Minister of War. The Marshal, an old Bolshevik and pupil of Lenin, has never served as a professional soldier, in spite of his rank. He was nominated to the Premiership by Mr. Khrushchev.



ENTHRONEMENT OF THE LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD:

THE RT. REV. HARRY JAMES CARPENTER.

Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, was the scene of the enthronement of a new Lord Bishop on February 9. The Rev. H. J. Carpenter, aged fifty-four, was formerly Warden of Keble College, Oxford. He is seen above attended by his chaplains and officers in procession to the West Door of the Cathedral.



RECEIVING A CHEQUE: SIR ALEXANDER FLEMING (L.),

THE DISCOVERER OF PENICILLIN.

On February 8 Sir Alexander Fleming was presented with a cheque from the American producers of compound penicillin products. The presentation was made by Mr. A. J. C. Gormely (right), chairman of John Wyeth and Brother Ltd. Sir Alexander said that the dollars would be used to buy equipment for the Wright-Fleming Institute.



INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS
PRESIDENT: M. L. BOISSIER.
To replace the retiring President, Mr. Ruegger, the International Committee of the Red Cross recently elected unanimously its Vice-President, Professor Boissier, at Geneva. The Professor has been a member of the Committee since 1946, and is a former Law Professor of Geneva University. He takes up his post on September 1.



TO BE FLAG OFFICER AIR (HOME):

TO BE FLAG OFFICER AIR (HOME):
VICE-ADMIRAL CASPAR JOHN.
Vice-Admiral Caspar John is to be
Flag Officer Air (Home) in succession
to Vice-Admiral Sir John Eccles,
with effect from June. Admiral John,
who is fifty-one, and a son of Mr.
Augustus John, O.M., has been
Vice-Controller (Air) and Chief Naval
Representative at the Ministry of
Supply since 1952. He entered the
Royal Navy in 1916.



AT THE HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN AND ST. ELIZABETH:

CARDINAL OF St. JOHN AND St. ELIZABEHT:

Cardinal Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster, blessed and declared open a new children's ward at the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth, St. John's Wood, N.W., on February 9. Our photograph shows the Cardinal with a young patient who is trying out a rocking-horse in the play-room. Money for the ward has been raised by voluntary subscription.



NEW U.S. AMBASSADOR TO PERSIA: MR. JULIUS HOLMES. Mr. Holmes was nominated by President Eisenhower on Feb. 7 to be United States Ambassador to Persia, in succession to Mr. Loy Henderson, recently appointed an Assistant Secretary of State. A business-man, Mr. Holmes first entered the Foreign Service in 1925, His most recent post abtoad was as American Minister in London. He is fifty-six.



DEATH OF IRISH EX-AMBASSA-DEATH OF IRISH EX-AMBASSA-DOR: MR. JOHN W. DULANTY.
One of the best-known Irishmen in
London, Mr. Dulanty died on
February 11, aged seventy-two.
Coming to London as Trade Commissioner in 1926, he became High
Commissioner four years later, and
Ambassador for a few weeks before
his retirement in 1950. A close
friend of Shaw and Joyce, he was
a noted and entertaining afterdinner speaker.



WITH THE SCROLL SHE ACCEPTED ON BEHALF

WITH THE SCROLL SHE ACCEPTED ON BEHALF
OF HER FATHER: MISS SARAH CHURCHILL.
Miss Sarah Churchill (Mrs. Antony Beauchamp), daughter
of the Prime Minister, represented her father on Feb. 10
at a dinner given in his honour by the British Committee for Technical Development in Israel. She
accepted on his behalf a scroll from the Board of
Covernors of the Israel Institute of Technology.



A CANDIDATE FOR THE FRENCH PREMIERSHIP:
M. PFLIMLIN.

After M. Pinay had failed to form a French Government to replace that of M. Mendès-France, which was defeated on February 5, M. Pfilmlin (M.R.P.) undertook the task on February 10. After succeeding in filling most of the posts, he had to abandon his attempt on Feb. 14, M. Pineau (Socialist) then agreed to try to form a Cabinet.



DIED AGED SEVENTY-THREE :

DIED AGED SEVENTY-THREE: SIR GODFREY THOMSON.
Sir Codfrey Thomson, who was Professor of Education in the University of Edinburgh, and Director of Studies at Moray House Training College, from 1925-51, died in Edinburgh on February 9. He was President of the British Psychological Society, 1945-46. He contributed to learned journals and wrote a number of books.

#### THE ROYAL MARRIAGE IN PORTUGAL: WEDDING AND RECEPTION SCENES.



THE PRETENDER 10 THE THRONE OF SPAIN: DON JUAN, COUNT OF BARCELONA, AND THE COUNTESS OF BARCELONA, GUESTS AT THE WEDDING RECEPTION.



RING UMBERTO'S SISTER: EN-QUEEN GIOVANNA OF BULGARIA WITH HER SON, KING SIMEON, AT THE RECEPTION BEFORE THE WEDDING.



THE PARENTS OF THE BRIDE: EX-KING UMBERTO OF ITALY AND EX-QUEEN MARIE-JOSÉ (AUNT OF KING BAUDOUIN OF BELGIUM) AT THE RECEPTION.



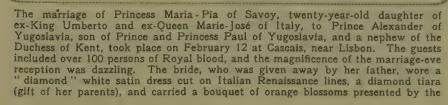
PRINCESS PAUL OF YUGOSLAVIA (MOTHER OF THE BRIDEGROOM), THE DUCHESS OF KENT (HER SISTER), PRINCESS MARIA BEATRICE OF SAVOY, PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT, THE DUKE OF KENT, AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF YUGOSLAVIA (L. TO R.).



THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MARIA-PIA OF SAVOY AND PRINCE ALEXANDER OF YUGOSLAVIA: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM DURING THE CEREMONY. THE DUCHESS OF KENT IS ON THE LEFT, IN THE SECOND ROW OF THE CONGREGATION.



SIGNING THE REGISTER IN THE CHURCH OF NOSSA SENHORA DA ASSUNÇÃO: THE BRIDE, FORMERLY PRINCESS MARIA-PIA OF SAVOY, WITH THE BRIDEGROOM, PRINCE ALEXANDER OF YUGOSLAVIA, AFTER THE CEREMONY.





EX-KING UMBERTO OF ITALY ARRIVING AT THE CHURCH WITH THE BRIDE, HIS DAUGHTER, PRINCESS MARIA-PIA. THERE WERE CRIES OF "FIVA LA PRINCIPESSA" " "FIVA IL RE" FROM THE CROWDS OF MONARCHISTS ASSEMBLED.

Mayor, at the church door. A picturesque note was added by a company of young Italian girls wearing Italian regional costumes, and, as the bride and bridegroom left the church, clouds of white doves were released. The church was too small to accommodate all the guests, and those who could not be in the building occupied an enclosure outside. The witnesses for the bride were the Belgian Ambassador to Portugal, representing King Baudouin of Belgium, and the Duke of Genoa; and for the bridegroom, Prince Tomislav, brother of ex-King Peter, and the Greek Minister in Lisbon, representing King Paul of the Hellenes.



#### CINEMA. WORLD OF THE THE

Hollywood in extreme contrast to the above studies of

incarceration and fear. Yet I find both comparatively depressing! They are "There's No Business Like Show Business" and "Young at Heart." They have, in the current phrase, everything it takes. The first has the generous presence of Ethel Merman, the

#### ESCAPE AND SURRENDER.

By ALAN DENT.

THE makers of "The Colditz Story" assert, asseverate, and even protest disarmingly that everything we see and hear in this film about prisonersof-war in a great, gloomy castle in Saxony, from 1940 till 1942, was actually done and said. The author, Mr. P. R. Reid, was himself an "escape officer" there throughout that period:—"Every incident related in the film is factual. It has been necessary, in order to make a story-line, to create some composite characters. Factual events have been attributed in some cases to imaginary characters and a few incidents have been simplified or are related out of their historical context. These—and only these—liberties have been taken with

'The Colditz Story 'as it happened.'

Incredible though much of it is, we must therefore credit it all. Colditz was a prison-camp set apart to hold—or so the German High Command hoped—those officers of all the allied nations who had already succeeded in escaping from other P.O.W. camps only to be captured again. A little group of English officers arriving at the prison at the beginning of the film are told by the Prison Commandant that any attempt at escape will be immediately punished by

for the film itself, so much does it understress and even ignore the grim aspects of imprisonment.

The whole truth, of course, would have made this a much less palatable and therefore much less popular

film. Many good actors—John Mills and Ian Carmichael and Bryan Forbes and Theodore Bickel among them—bring that spirit of invincible jollity which turns the unendurable into something almost enjoyable, Even the German Commandant of Frederick Valk and his wariest warder, as played by Denis Shaw, have a twinkle in the eye amounting very nearly to bonhomie. It is almost a relief to turn from these to the fine, sardonic face that Eric Portman gives to the English "escape officer" and to the ill-disguised unhappiness of a Canadian in a kilt, strikingly well played by Christopher Rhodes. "How was solitary?" says someone to a captive returning from prison within the prison and not comes the purchalant answer. the prison, and pat comes the nonchalant answer:—
"Great fun!" How else could one bear it, except by such heroical grinning?

Far more of what I call the whole truth is to be found in a purely fictitious little film called "The Little Fugitive." This I strongly recommend to every sort of reader and viewer, though

it is modestly exhibited and was made at unusually modest expense by Ray Ashley and Morris Engel who, though I have never heard of them before, are obviously expert and even inspired film-makers. This is a perfectly simple story, perfectly told, of a small New Yorker, aged seven, who runs away from home to the fun fair at Coney Island under the impression that he has killed his elder brother. The two brothers had been playing with some other boys, and had been aping the most violent behaviour of grownmost violent behaviour of grown-ups, as the healthiest youngsters will. The elder brother had a device for simulating mortal wounds with tomato ketchup; when his small brother pulled the trigger of a toy-gun he immediately saw, to his consternation, that his target had fallen flat on his back with an alarming stain spreading over his chest. The infant runs away and spends the day riding horses, both real

the day riding horses, both real and roundabout, and earning the necessary nickels by picking up and selling empty lemonade bottles. It is all done with great tenderness, fun, and verisimilitude, and how the directors have managed to give the impression that the boy, Richie Andrusco, is already a fine and sensitive actor at the age of seven is their

There have been two full-dress and markedly uneconomical, not to say immodest, films from



SEVEN-YEAR-OLD RICHIE ANDRUSCO AS JOEY, IN A SCENE FROM "LITTLE FUGITIVE" (UNITED ARTISTS).

Mr. Alan Dent writes: "In a week which gives us a cluster of excellent British actors in an enthralling prisoners-of-war film, and a blazing galaxy of tuneful and graceful American singers and dancers and comedians in two musical films from Hollywood, my own particular choice for the best actor of all goes to seven-year-old Richie Andrusco for his intensely natural, often moving, and often very funny portrait of a little boy who thinks he may have shot and slain his big brother, but is too young to be consistently worried about the horrible possibility. He spends a glorious day at the fun-fair and on the beach at Coney Island, almost entirely succeeding in forgetting the worry at home."

beguiling one of Marilyn Monroe, the nimble one of Donald O'Connor, and the lachrymose one of Johnnie Ray; and a little plot which keeps on bobbing up amid all the scenic excesses is all about a stage family which seems to subsist entirely on popular tunes by Mr. Irving Berlin. This is a delightful and indefatigable light composer, and "Alexander's Ragtime Band" always was and always will be a rattling good tune. But we have already had at least one other spanking big film built upon it, and there really is not any more juice in this well-squeezed lemon.

In the other big film, "Young at Heart," we have the piquant presence of Doris Day, the handsome one of Gig Young, the disconsolately crooning one of Frank Sinatra, and the authoritative one of Ethel Barry more, who plays a wise aunt to a curiously love-sick family of foolish girls. The colour-scheme of this film is persistently lilac and rose, and these precise tints are seen not only throughout the furnishings and hangings but also in the features of the players—so that Miss Day and her two sisters in the film are conher two sisters in the film are continuously rosy whereas Mr. Young and Mr. Sinatra are oddly lilac in complexion. This film, too, has its music, ranging from Mendelssohn's "On Wings of Song," performed soulfully by the girls, to a lyric entitled "There's a Rising Moon for Every Falling Star"—a sentiment which seems to me neither good astronomy, good meteorology, good astronomy, good meteorology, good

philosophy, or good sense.

Give me for better, deeper, quieter entertainment those excited prisonersof-war and that exciting fugitive



death. But we do not see or hear of this punishment being inflicted on any of the many who try to escape and are brought back. Sometimes we see one or two being sent for punishment to what is called "solitary confinement," which turns out to be a yard hemmed in with barbed wire, where the prisoner plays ball with two or three other prisoners. But how can such confinement be termed "solitary"?

This true yarn, in short, is well enough done to

convince us that it is nothing but the truth; but it does not convince me that it is the whole truth. We must believe that prisoners, after a heartbreaking failure at making a tunnel, were able to make or steal German officers' uniforms and walk out of the front gate of the castle out of the front gate of the castle unnoticed or undetected, and thereafter find their way to Switzerland and safety. It is hard to believe, but we know that such fantastic things simply did happen in the face of all probability. But the other side of the picture simply is not revealed to us. Every manjack among these heroes has his chin up all the time. There is no yielding to despair or madness or melancholia. Even the French and melancholia. Even the French and the Dutch and the Polish are as philosophically cheerful in such circumstances as the English are by tradition. There are jokes and skylarkings. There are even amateur theatricals, and a revue got up by the English prisoners is called "Colditz Capers" ("as performed by the original East-End cast"). The title might almost have been used



E ME THAT IT IS THE WROLE TRUTH ": " THE COLDITZ STORY " (BRITISH LION), SHOWING A SCENE FROM H YET ANOTHER ESCAPE ATTEMPT IS FOILED BY THE GERMANS, AND BRITISH OFFICERS, INCLUD CHRISTOPHER RHODES) AND PAT (JOHN MILLS), ARE IGNOMINIOUSLY HAULED OUT OF THEIR TUNNEL













THE EVACUATION OF THE TACHENS: (1) AN AERIAL VIEW OF A HARBOUR, SHOWING EVACUEES WAITING ON THE PIERS; (2) FULLY-EQUIPPED AND LOADED NATIONALIST TROOPS WAITING FOR THE LANDING-CRAFT, STANDING OFF-SHORE; (3) AMERICAN FROGMEN OF U.S.S. BASS ARRIVING IN THE TACHENS TO CHART HARBOURS BEFORE THE EVACUATION; (4) U.S. MARINES IN THE TACHENS SUPERVISING THE EVACUATION OF CIVILIANS; (5) CHINESE CIVILIANS WAITING IN A LANDING-CRAFT FOR THEIR TURN TO CLIMB INTO THE U.S.S. LENAWEE, AN ASSAULT TRANSPORT OF THE "VICTORY" TYPE; AND (6) A LANDING-CRAFT, LADEN WITH CIVILIANS LEAVING THEIR ISLAND HOME EN ROUTE FOR FORMOSA.

THE EVACUATION OF THE TACHEN ISLANDS: FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF A COMBINED OPERATION BY CHINESE NATIONALIST AND U.S. FORCES TO KEEP THE PEACE IN THE FAR EAST.

As reported elsewhere in this issue, the evacuation of the Tachen Islands was completed in six days, without any attempt at interference from the Communists, all civilians being removed by February 10, all Nationalist troops by February 12. The whole operation was conducted and protected by a very large concentration of Nationalist Chinese shipping and aircraft and ships and carrier-based aircraft of the U.S. Seventh Fleet. On February 14 it was stated that part of the Tachen

garrison had been transferred to the Nanchi Islands, 75 miles to the south, and that 2000 civilians were to be evacuated from Nanchi as from February 15, with the idea of reducing civilian casualties if the Communists were to resume the offensive. The Peking radio version of the evacuation was that 18,000 inhabitants of the Tachens had been "abducted" by Chiang Kai-shek's troops, assisted by American forces.



#### THEATRE. THE WORLD OF

#### THE DANE. HAMLET

By J. C. TREWIN.

"THIS is I, Hamlet the Dane!"—it is a superbly dramatic cry, and one that most young actors of ambition have unleashed in their own rooms. Relatively few have had a chance of speaking the words from a stage. Some should never have been permitted to speak them—and yet it is rare indeed that a Hamlet, however inferior, does it is rare indeed that a Hamlet, however inferior, does not win us to final excitement. Every actor, somewhere in a performance, if only for a line or a look, must communicate something: for a second, if no more, he can say: "This is I, Hamlet the Dane!" even though, a few moments later, an angry playgoer (himself a thwarted Hamlet) may be longing to fling back Laertes' answer, "The devil take thy soul!"

The Cambridge A.D.C. has just chosen "Hamlet" for the centenary production of the Society. And, on entering the Park Street theatre, the first thing I saw in a souvenir programme was "A Guide to the Critics": certainly an amusing guide by such people as Hazlitt,

in a souvenir programme was "A Guide to the Critics": certainly an amusing guide by such people as Hazlitt, Voltaire, Granville-Barker, Pepys. "The plot, as a plot, is worked out with scandalous ineptitude," said Granville-Barker. "Are the commentators on Hamlet mad or only feigning madness?" asked Oscar Wilde. And Voltaire? Mcrely: "C'est une pièce grossière et barbare... le fruit de l'imagination d'un sauvage ivre." On another page was a transcript of that glorious Irish playbill of 1793 from the Theatre Royal, Kilkenny. It announced, with determination: "The Tragedy of Hamlet; The Prince of Denmark. Originally written and composed by the celebrated Dan Hayes, of

and composed by the celebrated Dan Hayes, of Limerick, and insarted in Shakespear's works. Hamlet, by Mr. Kearnes (being his first appearance in the character), and who, between the acts, will perform several solos on the patent bagpipes, which play two tunes at the same time."

A friendly programme did not stop there. It went on to talk of the history of the A.D.C.; how, in the autumn of 1854, the notion occurred to F. C. Burnand, of Trinity, "how much more amusing than cards, drinking, and supper, would be private theatricals, with, of course, supper to follow." Burnand—for some reason the programme spelt his name "Bernand" on ten occasions: it was at least consistent-would one

stark permanent set: to-day there are seldom home comforts at Elsinore. The undergraduate producer, Henry Burke, had added to the programme a quotation (from William Poel) on which he had based

the night's text: "I think one ought to arrange a stage version from the authentic text, upon the lines laid down in the First Quarto, rather than sacrifice dramatic coherence for the sake of bringing in all the beautiful passages." Reading Poel's words, one whispered the name of that earliest A.D.C. play: "A Fast Train! High Pressure!!

More than three hours later we came out into a quiet drizzle. I found myself with an overmastering thought: how pleasant it would be, again, to meet "Hamlet" staged straightforwardly. experimental fret-and-fume, no paroxysms of lighting, no Matterhorn-sets: just the play as it was done, when I heard it first as a schoolboy, with its flow unhampered and a Hamlet the Dane who meant more than his

producer. I gather that Mr. Burke, the A.D.C. producer, had never seen the play on the stage. We can acquit him, then, of any attempt to be wilfully "different." But it seems a pity that a newcomer to the acted "Hamlet" should have assumed it was his task to



This was quite inexplicable, unless we had to

"MORE PENETRATING THAN AT THE ARTS LAST AUTUMN": BERNARD SHAW'S "SAINT JOAN," SHOWING JOAN (SIOBHAN MCKENNA) DURING THE TRIAL SCENE WITH BROTHER MARTIN (DESMOND JORDAN) AND THE EXECUTIONER (PETER WHITBREAD). THE PLAY, WHICH OPENED AT ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE ON FEBRUARY 8, WAS PRODUCED AT THE ARTS THEATRE LAST AUTUMN.

still the resolve to indicate Hamlet's assumption of an antic disposition" by dressing him in a form of motley, with a harlequin's mask to show when his "madnes speaks." Maybe we need not run into pedantry about the appearance of two actresses among the "cry of players." But we do have to complain about the players." But we do have to complain about the melodramatic lighting; about those crimson skies before which Claudius, at the first, seemed to be speaking either in a sunset-flare or at the lip volcano. Hamlet, in ebon silhouette, looked like a public executioner.

Those were matters of production. presented a strong, declamatory Hamlet (without marked charm, a quality sorely needed). Now and again I noticed, as in so many Shakespeare revivals, professional or amateur, a tendency to take too much for granted. Thus Mr. Chapman swept off glibly the phrase, "this fell sergeant, Death," when he should have searched for the comparison. I have spoken

have searched for the comparison. I have spoken before of the trick of under-valuing lines, long familiar to us, that should always be treated on the stage as new-minted: the most common failure is with Macduff's "one fell swoop," so often flicked off as "onefellswoop," a single logotype.

There were good voices in the A.D.C.—John Ticehurst's as the King (though his face remained inexpressive), Nicholas Hamel-Smith's as Polonius, and Gary Watson's as Fortinbras: the night's best speaking in the last few lines. Jenepher Wolff's speaking in the last few lines. Jenepher Wolff's Ophelia grew with the play, though I do not think Ophelia would have smacked Hamlet's face. I enjoyed, Ophelia would have smacked Hamlet's face. I enjoyed, as much as anything, Denis O'Meagher's Second Gravedigger, an amiably thick-headed clown. But, everything said, it was an untidy, perplexing occasion: an attack upon "Hamlet" rather than a plausible interpretation. The A.D.C. enters with all imaginable spirit and good cheer upon its second century; we can expect much, but—in a whisper—I would like to direct its producers, when venturing upon such a play as "Hamlet," to the words spoken by Hamlet himself, "Let be." At all events, we can report that Mr. Chapman did not perform several solos on the patent bagpipes, and that Shakespeare (and Dan Hayes, of Limerick) were not troubled by the loss of the Hayes, of Limerick) were not troubled by the loss of the

Hayes, of Limerick) were not troubled by the loss of the King and Queen, omitted at Kilkenny—by Father O'Callahan's order—as "too immoral for any stage."

The revival of "Saint Joan" (St. Martin's) proved to be more penetrating than at the Arts last autumn. Siobhan McKenna's Irish peasant Joan has entirely lost her carly hint of a Peter Pan from Connacht; as before, Trial and Epilogue hold us surely. And again I admired the intonations of Charles Lloyd Pack, the Inquisitor; here is an actor, and one of variety quite astonishing. quite astonishing.



"ALTHOUGH THE PLAY HAD TO STRUGGLE TO EMERGE FROM A FUSSY PRODUCTION, SHAKESPEARE DID CONQUER AT LAST": "HAMLET" (AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB, CAMBRIDGE, WHICH IS CELEBRATING ITS CENTENARY THIS YEAR). A SCENE FROM THE PLAY, SHOWING (L. TO R.) CLAUDIUS (JOHN TICEHURST), LAERTES (DONALD LANGDON), OSRIC (DANIEL MASSEY), HAMLET (ROBIN CHAPMAN) AND GERTRUDE (PAMELA SRAWLEY).

day become editor of "Punch." He must have remembered with delight his struggle to get the A.D.C. started; how the Vice-Chancellor, after assuming that Burnand wished to present a Greek play, or maybe a Latin play, or—" with an air of concession"—one by Shakespeare, inquired at length whether Box and Cox were Fellows of Trinity. Burnand had no luck then; but in the May Term of 1855 he did get the A.D.C. going, with a triple bill: "A Fast Train! High Pressure!! Express!!!", "Did You Ever Send Your Wife to Camberwell?" and "Bombastes Furioso." Receipts, it seemed, were scanty; but the A.D.C. had begun.

Here we were, still reading the programme and waiting for the curtain to rise (a figure "SAI") day become editor of "Punch." He must have

and waiting for the curtain to rise (a figure of speech) on the centenary revival of "Hamlet." To be exact, when we entered, the curtain was up, revealing a singularly

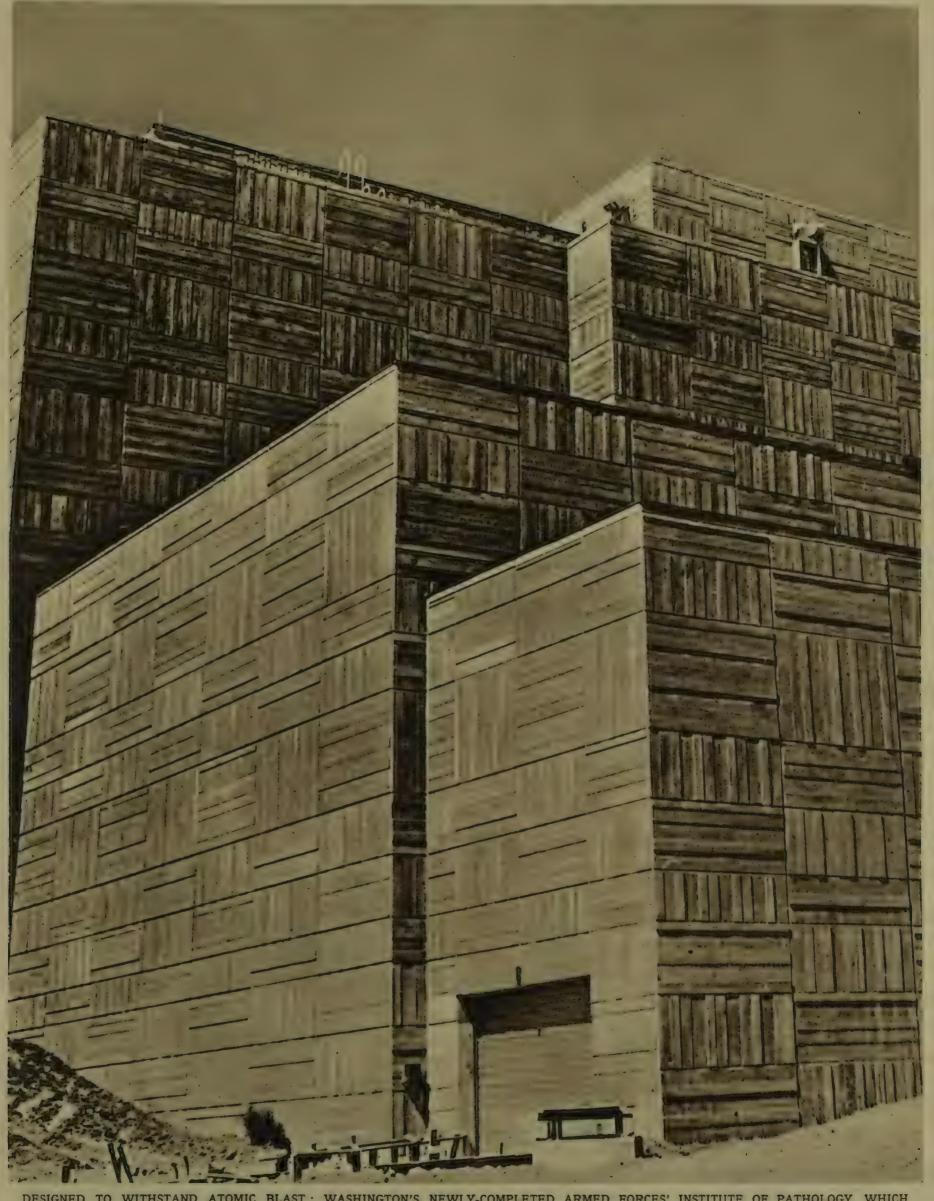
overlead the play, to whip it along. Better far to have trusted the dramatist, to have "used all gently."

Still, there it was: the play survived, as it always

does, though it had to fight. I am not complaining of the textual arrangement, but of the needless fretwork. Marcellus, for example: to our surprise he arrived on the battlements as a tonsured monk. Later, in the churchyard, he turned up as the churlish priest.

#### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"HAMLET" (Amateur Dramatic Club, Cambridge).—Although the play had to strug to emerge from a fussy production, Shakespeare did conquer at last. This is the centen year of the A.D.C., founded by F. C. (later Sir Frank) Burnand in 1855. (February 3-1 "SAINT JOAN" (St. Martin's).—Siobhan McKenna's Joan ("poor innoent child God") has much developed since the Arts production last autumn. It is now as good small-scale production of the play (John Fernald directs it) as we could desire. Note Charledy Pack as the Inquisitor. (February 8.)



DESIGNED TO WITHSTAND ATOMIC BLAST: WASHINGTON'S NEWLY-COMPLETED ARMED FORCES' INSTITUTE OF PATHOLOGY, WHICH IS MADE OF REINFORCED CONCRETE AND COST SOME SEVEN MILLION DOLLARS TO BUILD.

In Washington, in the grounds of the Walter Reed Medical Centre, on Alaska Avenue and Sixteenth Street, one of the world's strangest-looking buildings has just been completed. This is the Armed Forces' Institute of Pathology which has been designed to withstand atomic blast. There are windows in the north and south wings of the building, but not in the centre portion, where hospital equipment, laboratories, X-ray, television and other important installations are located. There are five floors above ground and three below, and the thickest

wall of the building is that which faces towards the centre of Washington, or to the west, on the assumption that an atomic bomb attack would be likely to hit the heart of the city. In case of emergency, water can be obtained from a well, and the building has a large series of storage batteries for emergency power. The outside of the building bears the imprint of the shuttering used for containing the poured concrete used for the walls. The staff were due to move into the newly-completed building on February 17

FULL PETE WINS THE WATERLOO CUP: MR. D. TRUELOVE HOLDING THE TROPHY AFTER

HIS DOG, HELD ABOVE BY TRAINER HARDY WRIGHT, WON AT ALTCAR.

Full Pete, the first coursing greyhound owned by Mr. Truelove, won the cup at 13-8 on after being a 100-8 chance at the call-over. He defeated Eton Graduate in the final. Full Pete was trained at Mr. Wright's Cummertrees kennels, Dumfriesshire, as was last year's winner, Cotton King.



HELICOPTER AND HIGH-SPEED AIRCRAFT COMBINED: THE BELL XV-3 CONVERTIPLANE

An interesting trend in modern aircraft construction is the dual-purpose 'plane. The new Bell XV-3 Convertiplane, developed for the U.S. Army, has the advantages of high-speed performance and can take off without a long runway. The rotors tip forward as conventional propellers in high-speed flight.

#### LAND, AIR AND SEA: SOME RECENT NEWS ITEMS RECORDED BY THE ROVING CAMERA.



AGROUND IN VILLEFRANCHE BAY: THE ROYAL NAVY FRIGATE WRANGLER AFTER BEING DRIVEN ON THE ROCKS BY A MISTRAL DURING THE EARLY HOURS OF FEBRUARY 5.

The Royal Navy fast anti-submarine frigate H.M.S. Wrangler (1710 tons) was driven aground in Villefranche Bay, in the South of France, by a fierce mistral in the early hours of February 5. She was refloated by French and Italian tugs on the evening of February 6.



GERMAN CIVIL AIRLINERS TAKE THE AIR AGAIN; REGISTRATION DO RETURNS AFTER SIXTEEN YEARS, WHEN THE LUFTHANSA AIRLINE STARTS NEW SERVICES. Aircraft displaying the international code letter "D" will again be seen when Germany's new airline, Lufthansa, starts its services on April 1st; the most frequent—twice a day—will be between Germany and London. Lufthansa are using initially four Convair 340 aircraft, one of which is shown above.



SAID TO BE PRODUCED AT A TENTH OF THE COST OF A CENTURION TANK: THE NEW SWISS "GUN CAR" CONSTRUCTED FOR THE SWISS FORCES. IT HAS A SPEED OF 55 M.P.H. AND HAS "GUN CAR" CONSTRUCTED FOR THE SWISS FORCES. IT HAS A SPEED OF 55 M.P.H. AND HAS HEEN DESCRIBED AS THE "BEST WEAPON AGAINST TANKS WHICH EVER EXISTED." IN HAS BEEN EXAMINED BY EXPERTS FROM MANY COUNTRIES.



LAUNCHING IN INSTALMENTS: HALF THE GIANT TANKER ESSO HAMBURG ENTERING THE SEA AT HAMBURG. BUILT IN TWO SECTIONS, THIS STERN PART OF THE VESSEL WILL SUBSEQUENTLY BE JOINED TO ITS OTHER HALF IN APRIL. IT IS ONE OF FOUR TANKERS NOW BEING BUILT SECTIONALLY IN HAMBURG SHIPYARDS.



RETURNING TO FEED THE HEN, WHICH IS INCUBATING NEWLY-HATCHED CHICKS: THE KASHMIR SOOTY FLYCATCHER (HEMICHELIDON SIBIRICA GULMERCI).



A CONFIRMED SKULKER WHICH GIVES AWAY ITS PRESENCE BY ITS CALL: THE COCK BLUECHAT (LUSCINEA BRUNNEA) RETURNING TO THE NEST WITH FOOD.

BIRD-WATCHING WITH MR. LOKE IN KASHMIR: THE KASHMIR SOOTY FLYCATCHER, AND THE BLUECHAT, AT THE NEST.

From time to time we have reproduced in our pages striking bird photographs taken by Mr. Loke Wan Tho of Singapore, and two more are shown on this page. Both were taken in Kashmir, that of the Sooty Flycatcher was taken with a speedflash at 1:3000 sec. at Astanmarg at 11,000 ft.; and the Bluechat was photographed at Chandanwari (East Liddar) at 7000 ft. The former is a sooty-brown little bird with a white ring round the eye and a white abdomen, both sexes looking alike. The nest is a cup of moss, beautifully

built and often as deep as it is wide. It is covered on the outside with lichen and web. It is interesting to notice in the photograph the food bulge in the cock's chin as it returns to feed the hen on the nest. The male Bluechat is dark blue above, chestnut below, and has a white supercilium. The female is olive-brown. The nest is generally of moss, dead leaves and roots; it is lined with hairs and a few feathers and is always well concealed. The breeding season is June and July.

#### THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

The Novel of the Week.

It never rains but it pours, and at the moment novels from abroad seem to bulk face it cheerfully—for I admit some facing is required. These are short tales, but in a small way they are heavy work.

"We Are Utopia," by Stefan Andres (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.), deals with the Civil War in Spain; which is perhaps the grimmest of all settings. Paco has joined up, in bewilderment, on Franco's side; he fought with "dumb tenacity," without an aim, and now he and his unit have been captured. And Paco finds himself a prisoner within the very walls where he began life as a monk. Then, his idea was to reform the Carmelites, and the whole Spanish Church. He had evolved a dream-Utopia: an isle of mildew on the ceiling, where the Hyperboreans—ton—it peaceable and happy lives, learning incessantly from one another. Old Father Damiano, a "sober mystic" with a remarkably free mind, warned him against these nightly voyages to the Never-never-land. We, said the Father, are Utopia—such as it is; Hyperboreans and ideal societies are all a fraud. But when the young man went away, he added: "God is merciful. And you will die among the Carmelites."

This, then, seems the predestined hour. But for the victim, there is still a chance; and by good luck, his executioner in posse is a haunted man—haunted by tortured nuns, and all the terrors of the pit. Paco has saked for his old cell, knowing that the bars were filed through twenty years ago; and the lieutenant—sweating to confess, before the order for retreat, when all the prisoners will be mowed down—offers him also bread, cheese, and a kitchen-knife. So now the whole 200 may be saved. All Paco has to do is hear the shrift, pronounce the formula of peace, and stab his penitent in the back. This dark duet is, first, a brilliant and impressive night-piece. "The whole land and everything in its seemed to be of bronze and when the guns fired, the plateau shuddered and hummed like a vast gong. The sun stood only a hand's breadth above the bare range of hills; one could look

#### OTHER FICTION.

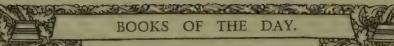
other fiction.

I cannot, personally, say the same of "Flesh and Blood," by François Mauriac (Eyre and Spottiswoode; ros. 6d.). This is an early Mauriac, and rather crude in structure, but substantially what we expect. It has the usual formula—faith, sex and sin in the Gironde—the usual intensity and brilliance, and (to my taste) the usual narrow, stifling effect. The hero, Claude, is a "spoilt" priest; he did well as a student, but finds himself too dreamy, sensuous and passionate for the religious life. So he is going back to his origins—to work the land under his father, who is bailiff of Lur. Lately, the château has changed hands; the old Marquis has died, and the new lord is Monsieur Dupont-Gunther, a vulgar beast, of the "so-called Reformed Religion," with a son and daughter. And Claude, who used to have the library all to himself, is now prepared for banishment. But on the contrary: Edward and May both take him up. To a young peasant, they are glamorous in the extreme: although in point of fact Edward is ridden by the death-wish, while May is overstrained, self-idolising and chaotic. As for their father, he has the morals and manners of a commercial Front-de-Bœuf. Yet, since his Catholic ex-mistress-housekeeper is quite as bad, her daughter Edith nearly so, and Claude's own father an opinionated bully, it would be unjust to maintain that the "so-called Reformed Religion" has not had a square deal. There are no half-way creditable figures but the hero; for though May sees the light—after one timid kiss, which shocks her into matrimony and Catholicism—she is not visibly improved by it. Rather, I should object that life has not had a square deal. To take one short example: Edith's "bleached hair and painted face" remind Edward of Paris—and she is thereby damned, we realise, from the word go. Which, in my judgement, is much worse, much falser to the nature of things than the improbabilities of her" career."

"First Blood," by Jack Schaefer (André Deutsch; "First Blood," by Jack Schaefer (André Deutsch; "Firs

to the nature of things than the improbabilities of her "career."

"First Blood," by Jack Schaefer (André Deutsch; 7s. 6d.), has an infinitely better plot, a cast of likeable, good people and a wash of air which is heroic, innocent and serious at the same time. It is a Western, to be brief: a tale of the old stage coaches. Jess is indeed "raw young" and footloose; he has a grudge against the Company for sticking him on a decrepit coach on a safe line; and he prefers Race Crim, who is their "top guard" and a glamour-hero, to Sheriff Davisson, who is a mentor. But he has plainly the right stuff in him. And now in an emergency he gets to drive the main stage with a load of bullion and his adored Race as a guard. But Race can't hold his tongue, and the result is ambush, robbery and murder. Then he goes berserk in pursuit; and Jess has to take sides, either for Race and bloodlust, or for Tom Davisson and law. It is a cruel choice and a first-rate yarn; and the whole scene lives up to it. In "Castle of Fear," by J. Jefferson Farjeon (Collins; 9s. 6d.), Grace Jamieson, the missing, unsuspected heir to Burncliffe Castle, starts by being pushed under the London traffic twice in the same day—and thus acquires the hero as a fellow-traveller. Her ancient, sea-girt pile is now inhabited by a strange cousin, who supposed he was the heir; and Grace has chosen to call unexpectedly at dead of night. Here I was almost giving up—till Mrs. Wick, the housekeeper, opened the door upon a whiff of grotesque comedy. And after that, the doings are more funny than sinister. If you imagine every probable going-on in an ancestral home, where dark designs are being impinged on by extraneous guests, you will have roughly the idea. Very enjoyable, as it turned out.

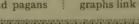


IN THE CRIMEA.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN THE CRIMEA.

"Roger Fenton, Photographer of the Crimean War," with an essay on Warburg; 2004, is one of the more interesting about which has ecome my severe of the Royal Photographic Society, but as a result of the photographic spreader of the Royal Photographic Society, but as a result of the photographic spreader of the Royal Photographic Society, but as a result of the photographic spreader of the Royal Photographic Society, but as a result of the photographic Society and The Crimean War. It is strange to think that there are centenarians still living found the company of th



CHESS NOTES. By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

NORMALLY, I discuss games with you as we play through them. This week I am going play through them. to give you two French Defence games, inserting asterisks to indicate points at which I comment in a post-mortem below. I suggest you try to guess what my comments will be and, over and above this, to form your opinion on where the loser first went seriously wrong; all this without allowing your eyes to stray down this column to

COPPING (Swindon), White; EDELSTEIN (Oxford

 $P \times Kt$ ; 14. Q-Q8ch, K-B2; 15. Kt-K5 mate.

BOTEZ, White; CRETULESCU, Black (Champion-

1. P-K4, P-K3; 2. P-Q4, P-Q4; 3. Kt-QB3, B-Kt5; 4. P-K5, P-QB4; 5. P-QR3,  $B \times Ktch$ ;

This pawn queens on move 20. It is a V.I.P.!

6...B-Q2; 7. Q-Kt4, P-KKt3; 8.  $P \times P$ , 13. KR-Kt1, Kt-B4; 14. R-Kt5, Q-B1; 15. R(R1)-Kt1, P-Kt3; 16. P-B4, P-Q5; 17. P-B5, B-K1\*; 18. P×P, P-QR3; 19. P-Kt7ch, K-B2; 20. P-Kt8(Q)ch! Black resigns.\*

Now for the post-mortems.

That first game is a remarkable one, I think you will agree.  $4....KP \times P$  is more popular nowadays than  $4....Q \times P$ , but Black has a reasonable game until he plays 9.... Kt-K5, when he immediately has a lost one. 9.... QKt-Q2 or 9.... Castles would, to say the least, have extended the game.

ro.  $Kt \times P$ ! threatens (a) Q-Q8 mate; (b)  $Kt \times Kt$ Pch and  $Kt \times Q$ ; (c) Kt-B7ch and mate after that. Moreover, even after ...  $P \times Kt$ , White can give mate in two. Black can subject White to an alarming series of checks and captures, but White only has to endure them; as soon as they are over, he must win.

Second game: I winced when I saw Black castle queen's side; he would be much safer on the other. His game may be salvageable after that, but his king is always liable to perish from exposure. For instance, 17....  $KtP \times P$  could be answered by 18.  $R \times P$ !, and since 18....  $Q \times R$ ?; 19. B-R6ch, K-B2; 20. R-Kt7ch, K-B1; 21. R-Kt5disch would cost Black his queen, the poor black monarch becomes a target for almost everything White can

This, indeed, is a good description of his situation at the end if Black tries 20.... RXQ (not 20..  $Kt \times Q$ ? 21. R-Kt7ch); 21.  $R \times R$ ,  $Kt \times R$ ; 22. B-R5ch, K-B1; 23. Q-K4.



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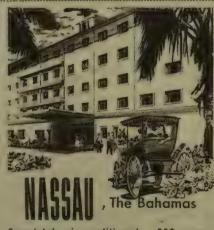
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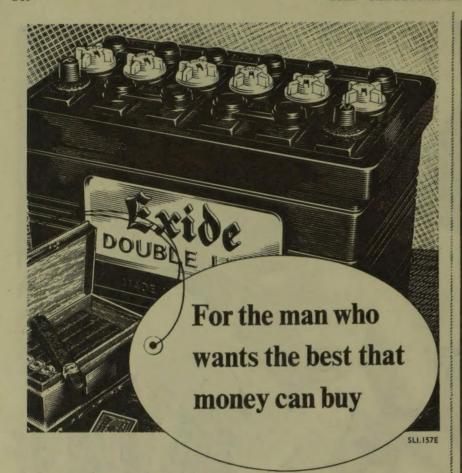
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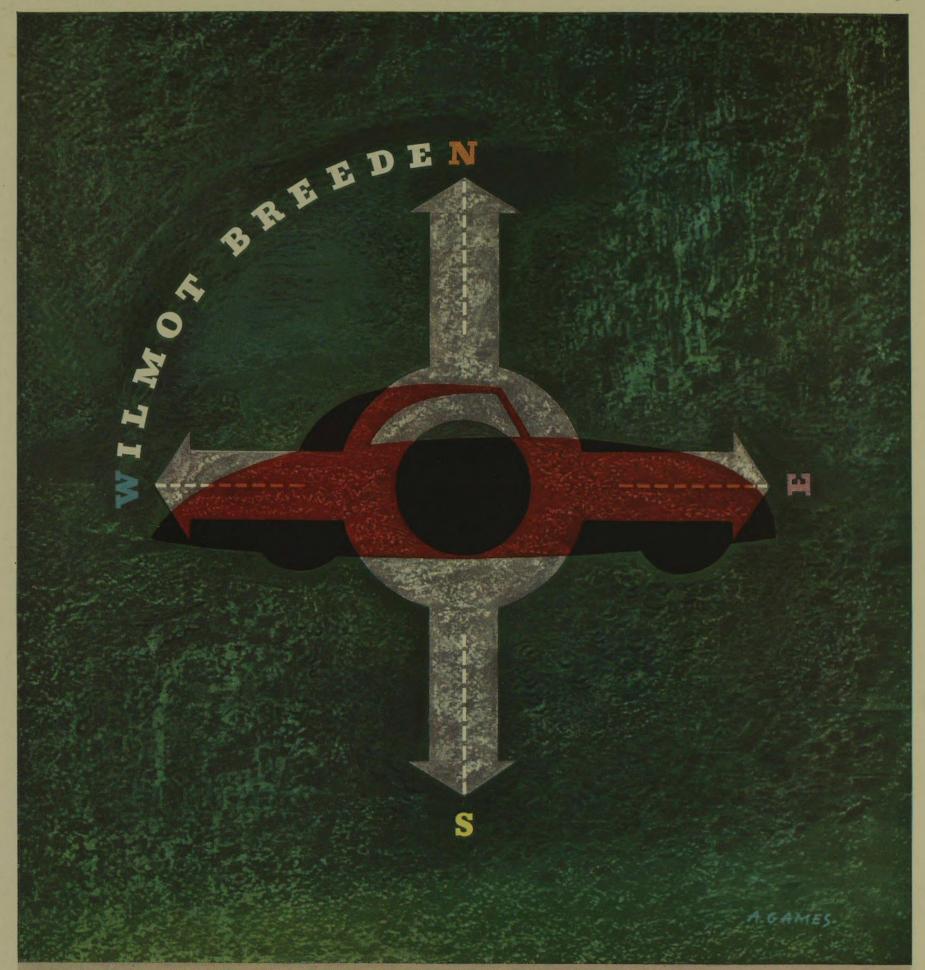
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